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Moving Picture Stories

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PHOTO-PLAYS AND PLAYERS

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DOROTHY DALTON

(THOMAS H. INCE STAR)

NEXT WEEK—READ "OUR BETTER SELVES," A PATHE STORY

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

Vol. XIV. AUGUST 1, 1919 No. 344

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THE HORNET'S NEST

(Vitagraph Film)

From the Novel by MRS. WILSON WOODROW *Scenario by JAMES DAYTON*

Directed by JAMES YOUNG

Adapted from the Photoplay

By LEONA RADNOR

THE PLAYERS:

Asche Colvin	*Earle Williams*	*"The Hornet"*	*Brinsley Shaw*
Muriel Fletcher	*Vola Vale*	*Mrs. Whitefield*	*Kathleen Kirkham*

AN ocean liner ploughed westward along a moonlit trail. On the promenade deck a man stood aloof from the passengers who remained huddled in their chairs or chatted standing in groups. From the saloon came sounds of merriment and through the windows of staterooms drifted broken bits of conversation. It was the last night on board—the ship would dock in New York harbor the following forenoon. The man was in the forward part of the deck, and leaning on the rail he watched the moon-burnished waves swirling away from the sharp prow. The path stretched before him, illimitable; the swift, steady onward rush of the boat seemed to bring it no nearer the end.

"Like life," the man murmured. "One goes on and on, and the goal recedes. Thus one learns patience and resignation, and persistence."

His smile was too bitter for such a face, wherein intelligence, righteousness and force had set their unmistakable seals. Under the peak of his traveling cap, fine lines sprayed out from the corners of his eyes, and the hair smoothed back from his temples shaded from silver next to his face to iron-gray where it mixed with the almost untouched brown at the back of his head. His eyes were brown, somber and brooding; his mouth was firm, yet with a grace of finely curved

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lips that relieved it of sternness; his skin was bronzed as if from exposure. As he stood up and squared his shoulders, a tall, well-built, symmetrical figure was revealed. A man to whom Nature had been kind, one would think. A man for whom asking would result in receiving; a man to make his way wherever he might choose. And yet he drooped again over the rail, gazing at the interminable trail of moonlight, and heaved a deep, heartborn sigh.

Dismissing conjectures as to the future, this man, known as James Vernon, let his mind travel back to the past. He was returning now to the land that he had left years before under a cloud, his career at an end, his ambition slain. He was Asche Colvin then. Wealthy, brilliant, a clever and honest lawyer, he had been made district attorney. He was popular, respected, trusted. Then he had been cast from his exalted position through the perfidy of a woman.

He could hardly blame her—she had acted to save her husband and, as Colvin had soon understood, herself. For she did not intend that her husband should be prosecuted and the name she bore be tarnished. Colvin had thought that she would renounce that name, that she would ask a divorce, and that later the tender friendship that had existed between Colvin and Freda Whitefield would develop into something deeper and that they would marry.

She knew that he was investigating Whitefield's business methods, and that the millionaire traction magnate was worried. She made no appeal to Colvin to spare her husband—indeed, all her affection and consideration seemed to be for the young prosecutor. She learned that the incriminating documents were in a desk at Colvin's apartment, and being admitted in his absence, she ransacked the desk and carried away the evidence which Colvin had publicly announced he had secured. Then, of course, when he could not produce the evidence, that had been so laboriously gathered by detectives and investigators, he could not explain without involving Freda.

All that evening, behind the calm of his demeanor, was the expectation of exposure.

He resigned his position and disappeared, making an exile of himself. Now he was weary of the exile, he was hungry for his native land, and he was curious about that orbit of life in which he had once rotated. The time had come when he just had to go back and see the old places with his world-glutted eyes, and perchance see some old faces without, if he could help it, their seeing him.

Muriel Fletcher was walking up Madison avenue at a brisk pace. Not that she was going anywhere, or had any occasion to hurry, but that was her natural gait when out for a walk, no matter how heavy-spirited she might be. She was wondering for the thousandth time what she could do, what she should do to get her rights. That she was not getting them she knew; but she was unversed in business and legal matters, so she had been obliged to submit to her uncle's tyranny. Her uncle was William Whitefield, the traction owner. Upon the death of her father, who had married Whitefield's sister, the millionaire became her guardian and the executor of the fortune left to her, as well as that left to her cousin, Fletcher Hempstead. But though months had gone by, Muriel could get no accounting and was allowed no money. She was obliged to live with the Whitefields, and she found the life far from pleasant. She needed some one to advise her. But whom could she trust?

"If I could only meet some one who could help me," she was thinking when she reached a corner. Around this corner came an old woman carrying a heavy box. At the same time from across the street came a man, tall, grave of face. He saw the old woman, panting and bending over under the weight of the heavy parcel.

"See here," he said kindly, "that is too much for you. May I ask where you are going?" He took the box from the trembling old hands, and the woman panted out an address.

"I am going to send you there in a cab," said the man.

He turned and signaled to a taxi standing at the curb.

"Oh, please, sir," quavered the old woman, "it costs too much."

"I am taking care of that," said the man.

He smiled down at the grateful creature as he helped her into the cab. Muriel Fletcher saw that smile.

"Oh!" she breathed, clasping her little hands as a sudden inspiration startled her. "Dare I? I could trust him, and I feel that he would help me if he knew me. But what would he think if I spoke to him?"

The cab had started and the man was resuming his way down the street. Muriel felt a wild alarm—she was losing her chance. She ran after him.

"If you please," she gasped just behind him.

He turned, and looked at her searchingly—looked into her troubled blue eyes, into her flushed girl face, saw the soft, pretty mouth quiver.

"Yes?" he queried courteously.

She met his eyes for an embarrassed second. "Yes, I can trust him," said her heart. "Please," she stammered, "here is my address. I need advice. I wish you would call this evening." She thrust her silver mesh-bag into his hands and, turning, hurried away from him.

He looked after her in astonishment, made as if to follow, then with a smile thrust the bag into his pocket and went on down the avenue.

"An adventure," James Vernon reflected amusedly. "Well, let's see where it leads me."

When, that evening, he was returning to his apartment to dress, he had another strange encounter. A young man came dashing down the stairs and met him on the landing. They stared at each other for a moment, the young fellow's face white with desperation.

"Say, you look a decent sort," he jerked out gaspingly; "would you help a chap that's in trouble? The fact is the police are after me."

Vernon gave a short laugh. "What's the idea, I wonder?" he said. "First a girl on the street, then you—both asking me to help them out of trouble. What's the game, lad?"

The young man glanced apprehensively toward the roof. "I don't know anything about any game, or about the girl you mention. I'm alone in this, and the police are on my heels. I'll tell you all about it if you want—but not now. I've got to hide, and pretty damn quick!"

There was something in the other's face that brought Vernon to a quick decision. He thrust his key into the door and opened it. "Come on in. I believe you are worth helping. I'll hide you, but if you play me false it will be the worse for you."

"You can rest easy on that. I never in my life did a bad turn to any one who treated me right, and even if I was constituted that way I don't mind telling you that things are a bit too dangerous for me to do anything so foolish now. I'll be frank with you and tell you just who you are helping; I'm called 'The Hornet' and I run with one of the worst gangs of crooks in the city." He looked intently at Vernon, expecting a start of surprise and repugnance, perhaps of fear. But his benefactor was quietly lighting a cigar and received the information without a change of expression.

"I rather guessed at your profession when you told me the police were after you," he coolly replied. "But from personal experience with men of your world I happen to know that they are not all bad, even when they sport fear-inspiring titles. I am willing to give you a chance. I know what I am risking and I trust to your honor. You may remain here to-night if you wish. I have an appointment to keep, so you will have the place to yourself."

"Say, you're all right!" exclaimed 'The Hornet,' overwhelmed. "I'll never forget this. I'm going to tell you what got me where I am."

So, while Vernon dressed, "The Hornet' recounted things that were of more than interest to the older man, for they touched on names that had had to do with the crisis in his own life.

"That was careless of you, Thomas," he said. "Please take those bags up to room 39."

When a little later he presented himself at the address on the girl's card, he was ushered by a butler into a small reception-room. Here Muriel was waiting for him, flushing and trembling. He looked at her keenly as he returned her bag.

"Oh, I am so glad you came!" she assured him. "My uncle and aunt have gone out for the evening, so I can speak to you without fear of interruption. I can have confidence in you, can't I?" she finished appealingly.

"Absolutely. But I cannot understand why you should appeal to a stranger for help when your uncle is so evidently a man of means."

"Why, you see, I need help to oppose him," she replied. "He is the cause of

my trouble. He will not speak to me; he will not listen to me when I question him in regard to my fortune. I am forced to live here, a pensioner apparently on his bounty, and I am allowed no money of my own. It is humiliating, and I can get no satisfaction. I am a stranger in New York—I came from the West—so I have no friends here. Can you advise me what to do? I am afraid I couldn't get a lawyer who would take my case, because my uncle was made executor, and he is so influential that no lawyer would risk fighting him."

"Who is your uncle, may I ask?"

"William Whitefield."

"What!" Vernon rose from his chair in his astonishment.

"Oh, perhaps you know him and are a friend of his," hazarded Muriel, frightened.

"I know of him, of course, but I am no friend of his," said Vernon. "I can understand your fears if you are dealing with him, and I am more than ever your champion. He is an unscrupulous man, but we must find some other way of bringing him to reason than by fighting him in the courts of law. Are you the only ward he has?"

"No; he is guardian of my cousin, Fletcher Hempstead, too. But Fletcher has disappeared; he has gone to the bad, they say. That was uncle's fault. When Fletcher was a mere boy, he forged a check. Uncle got hold of it and held it over him, and actually drove the boy into a life of crime. Uncle says that he is a desperate criminal, called 'The Hornet,' but I don't believe that."

"It is true," said Vernon. Then he told her of the fugitive he was hiding in his apartment.

"All this is so amazing that I must have time to think it over," he told her on leaving. "Here is my card, on which I have written my telephone number. Call me up when you can make another appointment. I will tell your cousin that I have seen you."

"He wouldn't know me. We haven't seen each other since we were small children. Mr. Whitefield hasn't seen him, either, since that check affair. Please tell Fletcher from me that I am sorry for him and that I beg of him to give up that life. I am sure there is some way to get our inheritances, and since I have talked with you I feel so hopeful."

"If there's a way to do it, we will find it," he said.

The next few weeks were queer ones for Vernon. He had been forced to meet the Whitefields, as they had come in unexpectedly while he was having tea with Muriel. He had posted her to introduce him as a friend of acquaintances of hers out West who had been asked by them to call on her. He had a momentary terror of being recognized by Mrs. Whitefield. He had changed; he was now smooth shaven, whereas he had worn a mustache in the days of their tender friendship. And he had, an addition of the past few days, a strange, disfiguring scar across his left temple. Such a scar was a distinguishing mark of 'The Hornet,' and in furtherance of a scheme that they had hatched together, the hunted criminal obliterated the scar with gum and grease-paint and Vernon adopted it.

Mrs. Whitefield's memory was untouched by the sight of Vernon—to her he was a stranger. He felt safe, for Whitefield had not known him personally, and if the woman with whom he had been on the verge of a love-affair did not remember him, surely the busy man, who was known to be forgetful of faces anyway, would not recognize his former enemy.

Intrigued by the scar, Whitefield had a sudden fear that this newcomer might be his vanished nephew, Fletcher Hempstead. He had Vernon trailed and got the information that he was a wealthy traveler who had just arrived in New York and rented an expensive bachelor apartment. That satisfied Whitefield and, at his wife's suggestion, Vernon was made welcome to their home.

Vernon realized that he was playing a dangerous game, but it was fascinating. When Mrs. Whitefield asked him to join them in their box at the opera, he hesitated but an instant, and all that evening, behind the calm of his demeanor, was the expectation of exposure.

But exposure did not come, and he played the game more boldly. He had learned from Muriel where Whitefield kept his valuable papers. Doubtless among them were those old documents. If he could get them, it was not too late to prove his integrity and add to Whitefield's infamy the theft of the evidence that would have convicted him. Then there would be the private papers relating to the property belonging to Muriel and Fletcher. Vernon's fingers itched to get at these locked-away documents. Fletcher offered to bring into the scheme a confederate who was warranted to open any safe manufactured. "The Pink Mouse," he was called.

Though averse to taking any of "The Hornet's" gang into their confidence, Vernon consented at last to meet "The Pink Mouse" and arrange for the opening of the safe. He designated a small hotel in a nearby Jersey town as the meeting-place. Fletcher was to see "The Pink Mouse" at "The Hornet's Nest," an East Side room where the gang foregathered, and give him his instructions.

Vernon arrived at the hotel first. He was standing at the desk when "The Pink Mouse" came puffing up, carrying a couple of heavy suitcases. Vernon greeted him cheerily, but at sight of the scar, an exact reproduction of "The Hornet's," the ordinarily phlegmatic crook stared in astonishment and unconsciously loosened his grip of one of the suitcases. It caught the toes of the bellhop, who loudly voiced his indignation. Smiling, but with a warning light in his eyes, Vernon tried to put the man on his guard. He addressed him as though the relation were that of master and valet.

"That was careless of you, Thomas," he said. "Please take those bags up to room 39."

In that room were laid plans for the following night, and feeling sure that he could depend upon "The Pink Mouse," Vernon slipped back to New York and consulted with Muriel. It was growing increasingly pleasant to consult with Muriel. Under the stimulus of her fresh, girlish beauty and her flattering confidence in him, the ambitions that once were Colvin's began to revive.

"Well, I think we all understand clearly what is to be done," he said at the conclusion of the interview. "You will leave the door-key near the post-box, and try to detain your uncle over the dinner. If he leaves the table sooner than usual, you must get to us and warn us."

"I understand," she answered softly. "Oh, I do hope we shall find everything we are expecting to find!"

"I do, too," he returned, gazing into the blue eyes and pressing the small hand affectionately.

The next night came at last, though slowly enough to those who looked forward to it with excitement, hope, and fear. Vernon and his confederate slipped into the house and into Whitefield's study without being observed. The skill of "The Pink Mouse" was soon demonstrated on the safe; the door swung open, and Vernon's hands went greedily into the drawers, gathering papers in sheaves. In a compartment was a leather portfolio. He opened it, and an exclamation of satisfaction escaped him.

"At last!" he gloated. "And here are the papers relating to the Fletcher estate. We have everything, Pink, so let's clear out."

But as they rose to their feet, Muriel rushed in.

"Quick! Hide! He's coming!" she cried.

But it was too late. Whitefield was already at the door. He saw the papers in Vernon's possession, and his florid face became ashen.

"So you're a crook!" he said in a hard, cold voice.

"It appears so," retorted Vernon, "but I have taken only what belonged to me and to those you have wronged. This is an act of justice, Whitefield, and I knew it was the only way to get the facts from you."

Whitefield had slowly approached the table. Vernon saw his hand move stealthily, and the next instant there was the gleam of a revolver in his grasp. "The Pink Mouse" made a sudden move, but Vernon struck down his arm and pushed him toward the window. Then he sprang for Whitefield and attempted to wrest the weapon from him. They struggled, Whitefield showing remarkable strength for his years. He gave a vicious wrench to Vernon's arm, and at the same instant there was a report. Whitefield sank to the floor, a bullet wound in his chest made by his own revolver.

"But you may be blamed!" said Muriel wildly, clinging to him.

They bent over him, horrified.

"Is he dead?" whispered Muriel.

"I'm afraid so," answered Vernon. "I am sorry it happened, but it is really best for him, for the exposure had to come."

"But you may be blamed!" said Muriel wildly, clinging to him.

"No; that will come out all right," he began.

"Sure it will," put in "The Pink Mouse," as he prepared to leave by way of the window. "I did it—see? I'm off for parts unknown. With what you gave me, I can get where they'll never find me. S'long."

And he disappeared over the sill.

After the excitement in the house had died down and the police had departed, Vernon drew Muriel into the small reception-room off the hall.

"Now you are not to worry about anything at all," he admonished her, holding her cold little hands in a firm clasp.

"I will try not to. I want to think that everything will come out right. What about Fletcher?"

"I have persuaded him that South America would be a good country to start afresh in. He has been leading a blameless life for several weeks, but he must get away from 'The Hornet's Nest.' I can manage his legal affairs in connection with the estate and send him his income. He trusts me absolutely."

"Who wouldn't?" exclaimed Muriel shyly.

"Will you always, dear?" he asked eagerly. "You know that I shall resume my own name now and there will be no further occasion for deceptions and concealments. My incognito has served its purpose, so henceforth I am Asche Colvin. When everything is cleared up, Muriel, will you marry me?"

The blue eyes swam in tears, but there was a blissful smile on the lips she raised to his.

"We need not wait until everything is cleared up," she whispered.

THE AVALANCHE

(Artcraft Film)

Story by GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Scenario by OUIDA BERGERE

Directed by GEORGE FITZMAURICE

Adapted from the Photoplay

By ELIZABETH HOYT

THE PLAYERS:

Carita, *Helene*..... *Elsie Ferguson*
Price Ruyler..... *Lumsden Hare*
Nick Delano..... *Warner Oland*
John Harvey..... *Fred Esmelton*

"DO you think I'm pretty, Price?" There was no coquetry in Helene's tone. It was a sort of a ritual with her, this question—his reply. In the four years of their marriage it had never failed to thrill her anew to joy.

"Yes," he assured her now, eyes grave on her dark loveliness, "I think you're very pretty. But that isn't why I love you." He came to her, tall, lean, and took her hands. "I love you because you're so good, Helene, so gentle and frank and kind. You're like what a boy dreams all women are like before he learns differently. You're like the smell of syringas after a rain, or the peace of a summer Sunday in a little country church, or a lamp behind white window curtains on a dark road."

She drew her fingers from his with a quick, restless movement, laughing a trifle breathlessly. "Price! You've written that somewhere—or else you're going to write it! That's the penalty of marrying an author man—you can be pretty sure of seeing all your love-making in print sooner or later!"

He refused to smile at her levity. Price Ruyler took life seriously; too seriously, some of his critics complained. "That's because you're a part of me," he said, gravely. "I can't think, or breathe even, away from you—you're more a part of me than my work, Helene."

At any other moment such a speech would have filled her with triumphant joy. The wife of a famous man, unless she be a wonderfully generous-souled woman, must always feel a little jealous of that career, and Helene was more possessive than most women. But now she jerked petulantly away and drew her gray tulle cloak—she had wanted a scarlet one, but Price would have been horrified—about her modest evening dress. "I shall be late; and it always looks so prearranged to make a triumphant entrance alone before a whole dinner party. Kiss me, Price, and say you think I'll be a success!"

She ran from the room, waving a gay farewell. As she waited in the hall for the elevator, she was shocked at her look in the wall mirror—crimson of cheeks, with restless eyes and nervously smiling, provocative lips. It was the Helene L'Estrange who used to cause the good sisters unease back in the far, dim days before she had met the conservative, convention-worshipping young novelist, Price Ruyler; the Helene she had done her best to destroy since then—the Helene that longed to drink deep of the wine of life, to dance mad dances, to dress in daring gowns that would show her white shoulders for men's admiration.

"Her devil" she used to call this wild, reckless mood in her convent days, and spent many hours on her small, aching knees praying that she might be made "good." In her childish agonies of repentance over some escapade she would even pray that she might grow up ugly, for she reasoned ugly women had to be good; but after she met Price she was thankful that her prayers had not been granted in that respect, at least. As for the rest, she had been good; now, waiting for the elevator, she affirmed it passionately—she had been quiet and conventional, she had done all the things that Price thought were a wife's duty, she had done very few of the things she wanted to do. Her clothes were rich and dowdy, chosen by his mother, a really terrible old woman with a rampant virtuousness. And to-night she was going to take a holiday and be very, very bad indeed!

"I wonder why I'm not more ashamed?" she thought as she sat back on the taxicab cushions. "Perhaps it's because I'm sinning so many sins I don't know which to be ashamed of first. Let's see!" She checked them off on a white kid finger. "I'm a thief; I've taken money that doesn't belong to me—Price's money from his last book—and I've told a lie; I'm not going to the stupid old Morgan dinner where he thinks I'm going, and I've made an appointment with a man Price detests—Ferdie is a bounder!—and I'm going to gamble—me with a mother-in-law who's the president of the Anti-Vice, Anti-Saloon, Anti-Everything League! And I'm awfully afraid, and not one bit ashamed!"

The taxi jolted over cobbled pavements, swerved about street corners, taking her with every jolt farther from the realm of respectability, through the twilight zone of dubiety and into the frankly underworld section of the city. With each moment Helene lost something of Mrs. Ruyler, wife of the distinguished novelist, and reverted to the strange, impulsive, wayward school-girl who had left the convent on a moonlight night five years before by way of the high stone wall, and come, unannounced, to America, in the steerage, to find her guardian.

The bosom of her tight, prudish little white satin gown rose and fell swiftly, the color came in gusts to her cheeks, and her eyes blazed. She strained forward on the seat edge, twisting her hands restlessly on her lap, and then the door was flung open

and a weedy youth, in impeccable evening toggery, was helping her out with an exaggerated devotion. " 'Fraid you'd give me the slip. Awf'ly nervy —make a killin', you'll see!" said Ferdie Derenforth in staccato accents. "Great night; I've made two hundred so far; play red, I got a hunch."

Helene Ruyler laughed excitedly as they entered the darkened house and the sound of a monotonous voice and the click of counters came to their ears from a room at one side. Her hand on his arm was cold as ice, while her face flushed as though with a fever. Somehow, without being conscious of taking them off, she had removed her hat and cloak and found herself in a chair before one of the tables, with their wheels of polished wood and red and black ivory counters.

She had never seen a roulette wheel in her life, but her fingers closed over the tiny disks of fate as though they were quite accustomed to handling them. She laid a pile of counters on the red. The wheel began to revolve and the blood seemed to recede from her heart as she leaned forward, following it, hypnotized. Then the drawling voice of the croupier: "Red wins!"

"Good for you!" applauded Ferdie in her ear; "wha'd I tell you? I c'n always pick a winner and I knew soon's I met you you were born for this game. There's sumpin' about a real gambler—I dunno what—but you can tell 'em."

The girl across the table, a sumptuous creature with soft, flabby white arms and eyes of amazing hardness, coolly raked a great sheaf of bills into her lap, and patted a yawn with gem-loaded fingers. "Three thousand straight! Not so worse, eh?" she commented to her companion, who was eyeing the money hungrily.

Helene drew a gaspy breath. Her fingers shook as she piled up the counters and again pushed them onto the crimson circle. Again the wheel whirred, and the voice droned across her ears, "Black wins! Make your plays, ladies and gentlemen, make your plays!"

"Nev' mind—gotter have some hard luck," Ferdie's nasal staccato sounded through the sick reeling of her world. "You'll get it back and more, too, next time."

"Is this Price Ruyler's house? I'm talking to Mr. Ruyler?"

She had lost four hundred dollars—four hundred of Price's dollars! But she would get them back. She laughed in sudden relief; of course she would get them back! Again she heaped the counters on the red.

An hour later her face was tense and drawn, the soft skin stretched oddly over the cheek-bones the color of lead. She breathed through open lips, which were too dry to form the words of despair that rose to them at each turn of the wheel. For the past fifteen minutes she had been alone, the effusive Ferdie having departed unostentatiously, but she did not notice that. All that she was conscious of was the diminishing pile of bills in front of her, and the sickening fright that washed in bitter waves over her soul.

The woman in the black lace gown and the high-piled Spanish arrangement of jetty hair, who had been watching her under narrowed lids, moved nearer, sauntering through the throng of guests without apparent purpose. But under the blackened fringe of her lashes her eyes never left the girl's face. She was a very grand person, this woman, known to the habitues of the place as Madame Nick Delano, wife of the proprietor. It was impossible to guess how old she might be, for her hair was young and her dress was young, while her eyes and lips were old. She had been aflame once, one saw that, but now she was like a burnt-out ember, gray and cold.

"Good-evening!" She had paused beside Helene's chair as though to light her cigarette from the incense burner on the table. "I see your luck has not held this evening. It is a poor welcome for a new visitor!"

She spoke with a trace of accent that was not confined to any vowel or consonant, but hovered through the deep, throaty tones like a scent or a flavor. Helene looked up at her dully. "I have lost money that I cannot pay," she said, childishly. "I think the note I wrote was for five hundred dollars; but I can't seem to remember any-

thing very well." She twisted her pale lips into a ghastly smile. "I—you see, I was so sure I could win it all back; and I had to win it back because it was Price's—Price is my husband, you know!"

She stopped sharply, manifestly trying to collect herself, but her lips were quivering. With a swift movement the woman beside her pressed her cigarette into her hand. "Here, smoke this—pretend to smoke it! Was it Delano you gave the note to—that man with the mustache talking to the croupier yonder?"

Helene nodded dumbly. What would Price say? He would hate her; he might forgive her, but he would always hate her. Price was so good, and good people didn't understand bad people. Oh, why did she have to be like this, with something inside nagging her to do dreadful things?

A flash of a jeweled hand at the neck of her low gown and Madame Delano thrust a roll of bills into her hand. "Offer him this—it's not enough. He keeps me very low," she laughed harshly. "Don't thank me, and don't come here again. You can't buy happiness with money you win this way—all such money will buy for you is tears and a broken heart!"

"That is what John Hervey, my guardian, told me," Helen said wonderingly. "I didn't know why he said it, for I never gambled till to-night; but perhaps——"

She stopped, startled by the look on the worn, beautiful face beside her. It was as though, unaware, she had pulled aside a curtain and surprised a soul in pain. "John Hervey, did you say? Then that is why——"

Helene rose, staring, wide-eyed. "Have—have I ever seen you before?"

But the curtain was down again. Madame Delano laughed in self-scorn. "How should you if you have never been in a gambling-house before? I was born in the ante-room of one, I shall die within the sound of a roulette wheel. No, no; but there was something about you made me think a moment of a dream I had once—a dream dreamed long ago!"

Nick Delano was a thick-set man with a heavy, inscrutable face. It showed no faintest trace of expression as Helene poured out her plea to him and proffered the money that her benefactress had given her. "I don't do business that way, miss," he said curtly. "Why should I? Debts are debts, and you took my money for that note, didn't you? If you can't pay it back your husband 'll have to."

With a queer detachment, in the stress of her panic, she noticed the little empty pouches under his watery, dull eyes, the bluish tinge of the skin along his jowl. A sickening sense of futility overwhelmed her, but she pleaded her case breathlessly, in stumbling words that tripped awkwardly on her stiffened lips. "But, please, he mustn't know! He thinks I'm at a dinner party—a formal, dull, respectable dinner party. Oh, God, if I only were—if I only were. But you won't tell him? I'll pay you when I can—it's the end of the world if you do!"

Nick Delano glowered down at the bit of paper in his thick, blunt fingers. He moved away from her, out of the noisy, blazing salon, across the hall and into the empty drawing-room. As she watched him with wide eyes of dread, he switched on the lights, clambered up the stairs to the balcony that ran across the end of the room and took down the telephone.

"Information, get me the home of Mr. Ruyler—Price Ruyler!"

"No, no!" sobbed Helene. All the slight bulk of her was quivering. She held out piteous little hands. "You couldn't do that! Why, you couldn't. I'll sell my rings—I'll go to my guardian——"

"A delayed debt is a bad debt!" Delano sneered, pressing the receiver against his chest. "Your husband 'll shell out to-night to keep it quiet. Eh! What's that? Hello! Is this Price Ruyler's house? I'm talking to Mr. Ruyler? I called you up to——"

The sentence was never finished. The instrument crashed from the thick fingers to the floor under the sweep of a small, desperate hand. "You shan't tell him," gasped Helene, "you shan't—spoil—my—life!"

She felt great fingers closing about her arm, heard his low snarl of rage, and tried to twist herself free. Delano's foot slipped on the polished floor and his great body went sprawling against the railing. Then, as she watched, it slipped over the low rail and fell, grotesquely limp, like a man of straw, to the floor far below, flapped curiously a moment, and lay still.

How long she stood gazing down at the huddle of horrible motionlessness she did not remember afterward, nor when she finally crept to the stairs and down them, panting, eyes always fixed on the thing that stared upward so placidly. It was the sound of a woman's voice in her ears that finally brought her back to space and time again. Madame Delano was standing beside her, the scarlet flower of her mouth twisted oddly as she looked from the body on the floor to the white face of the girl.

"He is dead, yes? What happened?"

"He was telephoning Price." Suddenly Helene began to shake with wild mirth. Oh, it's too funny! Price does hate to get a phone message messed up. I expect he was furious—he works, you know, evenings."

The woman controlled her with a stern gesture. "You pushed him over the balcony?"

"He fell," shuddered Helene between gasps of mirthless mirth; "he slipped and fell—he flapped!"

The woman pressed her sallow hands with their diamond blaze to her bosom. Wrinkles sprang out in her white flabby face; she was, without warning, an old woman in the dress of a courtezan. "They mustn't find you here. Even if they believed the story it would mean scandal—disgrace." Her fingers closed on the girl's shoulder, whirling her toward the door. "Go out into the hall without making any noise and slip out the back way. There's a drugstore on the corner. Have the clerk phone for a taxi and wait there till it comes; then go home, and never leave it again! Do you hear me, never leave it again!"

Helene had grown quite calm. She shook her head. "I'm not going to run away. That wouldn't be fair. I'll stay and tell every one what happened."

Madame Delano caught her shoulders. "You'll go for the sake of a good man that loves you, and for the

sake of the children you're going to have some day. You'll go for the sake of the home that belongs to you. You'll promise me to keep it clean after this, and honest and open to the sun! It's the greatest thing in the world—the greatest thing. Now go—and remember what I say!"

Helene, running, sobbing, through the night, stopped and put up an awed hand to her forehead. "She kissed me," she thought, "and she was crying. I felt the tears on my face. Oh, Price, Price! Somehow I know now things I didn't dream. Children, she said. It isn't too late to be good, Price, if I ever get home."

When the butler answered the summons of the bell he found Madame Delano standing beside the outflung body of her husband, staring down at it with strange eyes, and an awful little smile upon her lips. "He is dead, Mason," she said, calmly, "quite dead. And I am glad."

"Madame!" the butler groaned, "why—what—who——"

Madame Delano did not look up. But her voice was quite calm. "Telephone for the police, Mason," she directed, "and tell them that I have killed my husband." Then, as he staggered dazedly to the door, she called him back. "And, Mason, call up John Hervey, Orchard 110, and ask him to come here at once. And send the patrons home—the roulette wheel will never spin again."

Left alone with the sprawling thing upon the floor, she stared before her as though trying to vision something very far away and long ago, a dark dive on the Barbary Coast, flaring torches and a laughing English face—Jan L'Estrange had always laughed, even when he was dying—blue and golden months above the Mediterranian, the first strange cry of a newborn child through a pain-racked world, and, always mingled with everything else, the click of the wheel, the soft whispering sound of the ivory counters.

"She must never know of me," she said presently, aloud. "The world has forgotten Carita, but"—a flame flickered behind the dark, weary eyes a moment—"I have had my day, I have lived! I have loved, and now—well, I have never been afraid of experiences; shall I shrink from the final experience?" She glanced at the tiny jeweled dial on her wrist, then from her bosom took a little pasteboard box and opened it, smiling softly. "John Hervey will be here in a few moments; yes, that will give me time enough." She shook four tablets into her palm and paused, listening intently. "The wheel! It is stopping; it is spinning slower, slower; that is as it should be. Carita and the wheel shall stop together."

"He is dead, Mason," she said, calmly, "quite dead. And I am glad."

John Hervey, reading in the next morning's paper the account of the suicide of the beautiful Madame Delano after her husband's unexplained death, shook his head sadly. "Poor Jan—what a romance that was! That wild scarlet flower growing in the Barbary slime, and the child has the mother in her. No, Carita was right—she has a hard enough struggle ahead without the knowledge of what strange stock she came from. Perhaps love will be her salvation. I wonder!"

Over another breakfast table Helene, very lovely and girlish in her frothy morning ruffles, sat gazing worshipfully at her grave husband. Already with the amazing selfishness of youth she had forgotten the woman who had befriended her on the previous evening, and she had resolutely decided to forget everything else that had happened.

"I'll never be bad again; I'll be the best wife in the world," she thougnt now, with a warm glow. "I'll do just what Price wants me to do, always. I'll wear dowdy clothes and learn to cook and go to church, and, perhaps, some day——" A bright color stained her cheeks as her thoughts leaped ahead to the wonderful some day when she would cuddle a small head on her arm. And, looking up, Price Ruyler caught her glow.

"Helene, dear! What is it, sweetheart?"

She ran about the table to lay her head on his shoulder. She would like to have poured it all out to him—the wonderfulness of life, the beautiful safety of home—but she knew that he would not understand. "Oh, I was just thinking about things!" she told him vaguely, and cuddled her head closer. "Price, you're a sort of a dear, did you know?"

GIRLS

(Paramount Film)

From the Stage Play by CLYDE FITCH *Scenario by CLARA BERANGER and ALICE EYTON*

Directed by WALTER EDWARDS

Adapted from the Photoplay

By LULIETTE BRYANT

THE PLAYERS:

Pamela Gordon	*Marguerite Clark*	*Edgar Holt*	*Harrison Ford*
Violet	*Mary Warren*	*Mr. Loot*	*Lee Hill*

THREE pairs of bright eyes were growing noticeably dim. Three pairs of red lips were struggling to look as if they never, never did anything so rude as to part in a yawn. Then Pamela spoke, explosively. It always was Pamela who spoke explosively, she was that kind of girl—a small, vivacious, impossible-to-keep-bottled-up girl.

"I say, let's go to bed!" she declared, and began to unlace a very small and very neat shoe. With Pamela, speech followed feeling and action followed speech, with no hesitating blanks between.

"But it's only eight o'clock," protested Violet, even while she struggled with a near-yawn. "Who ever heard of going to bed at eight o'clock?"

"I did!" Pamela retorted promptly. "Went to bed every night of my life at eight until I was sixteen years old. That's where I get my pretty bright eyes and my nice red cheeks, to say nothing of my curly hair and my dimples. My old nurse told me every night of my life that 'all of them things' would come to me and stay with me if I slept four hours before the clock struck twelve. So, with her persuasive voice, aided frequently by her very large slipper, she wooed me to my bed at eight. You see the result."

"You don't care much for yourself, do you, Pamela?" asked Kate, but her voice was affectionate. Violet and Kate adored Pamela, the youngest and sweetest of their trio. Both of them had followed Pamela's lead, even while their voices derided her, and in five minutes they were all kimonoed and slippered and beginning to brush out their mops of tangled curls and to perform mysterious rites with cold cream and toilet waters.

"If we stay up one night until five o'clock the next morning, it stands to reason that we should make up for it by closing our eyes when the birdies do on the following night—or is it the same night? It was five o'clock this morning that we went to bed," finished Pamela, rather incoherently.

"Well, the birdies are still singing in the tree-tops, as far as that goes," said Kate, the literal one, gazing pensively at herself in a hand mirror while she applied the cream to the tip of her nose. "They don't know about the daylight-saving law and they think it is only seven o'clock. I must say I always did sympathize with Stevenson's little boy, who 'hates to go to bed by day.'

"I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping in the tree,
And hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past us in the street,"

quoted Violet, drawing a brush through her hair with long, vigorous strokes. Then, with a sudden change of voice: "Good gracious! Help! Police! Open the window and scream, Pamela!"

For, on the very last line of Violet's quotation, their door had opened and a man—a young man!—had flung himself into the room, locked the door after himself, and thrown up his hands in an attitude of supplication which was tinged with humor.

"Please don't scream," he begged. "I'm in the very deuce of a fix. If you'll just let me stay a few minutes. I'm not a crook, nor a villain, nor—nor anything. I've got sisters at home, five of 'em, and I wouldn't harm you girls for the world; but I've just got to have a place to stay until it gets dark."

He was so young, so frank, so palpably sincere, that their fears were quieted. As usual, it was Pamela who did the talking.

"What are you here for?" she demanded severely. "Can't you see that we are in—er—negligee?"

"Darn becoming, too," he declared. "Well, I've seen my sisters in negligee, or things like that. And I never could see why a kimono or a bathrobe should be taboo in respectable society, when a bathing-suit, or an evening gown with nothing above the table but a jeweled shoulder-strap, gets past the censors."

Pamela dimpled for an instant, then frowned the more severely to counteract the frivolous effect of the dimples.

"You have not yet explained," she suggested politely.

"Well, I met an old school friend on the street this afternoon. Her name was Nell Underwood; it's Nell Dennett now. She told me she lived here in an apartment and invited me to dinner to-night. I came. Nothing wrong about that, is there?"

Three nods assented to the innocence of the proceedings so far.

"Well, when I arrived at said apartment I was told that Mr. Dennett had been detained downtown and wouldn't be home for dinner. Nothing strikingly new about that. Many a husband is detained downtown, even in these dry and uninteresting times. Now, I ask you as man to women, what would any fellow have done? Wouldn't he naturally have sat down to his dinner with his hostess and proceeded to have a good time in a perfectly proper way? Could he be expected to know that his absent host was a cave-man, a person with a horrible temper and a jealous disposition, who never, never allowed his wife to have a male friend to dinner unless he was home? Can he be blamed because

the wife, suddenly hearing the husband's latchkey in the door, jumps up, frantically pushes her visitor into the bedroom, and then begins a hot argument trying to convince hubby that it was 'Alice' who had dined with her and gone home because 'Phil' had a 'toothache' and they phoned for her? Now, what could I do but make my escape while the battle waged? Could I walk out and say, 'Your wife's lying, old man'? Or could I let hubby discover me in that bedroom? I bolted; he heard the door close; I heard him dashing down their little hall. There was just one thing to do—bolt into the nearest door. I did. It was yours. Fortunately you don't lock the door of your apartment."

"We always will after this," they chorused, and three forefingers pointed sternly at a huge card which half covered one wall of their tiny sitting-room. "No Men Shall Cross This Threshold," said this sign.

"What's the big idea?" queried the visitor.

"We hate men. We shall live here together all our lives and never, never marry," explained Pamela, firmly.

"The dickens you will!" said the man, under his breath. "Then, girls, all I have to say is that you need a brother to call on when the furnace goes out, or you want errands done, or a burglar breaks into your rooms."

"We never have been molested before," said Pamela pointedly.

"Oh, come, now, I'm not molesting you. I had to do something to save the poor lady whose husband was jealous, didn't I? I'd go away this minute, if I only was sure he wasn't lurking outside the door. Honestly, I would."

A trip to the mail chute in the hall by Pamela, with a raincoat thrown over her kimono, confirmed his suspicions. Hubby Dennett was lurking in the hall, "looking perfectly savage," she reported. Moreover, he seemed to have every intention of spending the night there.

"Cheer up! We'll let you out our window into a room across the areaway. It's a tiny, narrow place. I'm sure you can jump it," suggested Pamela cheerfully. "We know the woman in that room. She'll let you come through if I phone her."

"She's pretty likely to answer as the high-cockalorum of Belgium answered the Germans: 'This is a room, not a thoroughfare.' Isn't she?" protested their guest. "Why hurry me away?"

But Pamela was obdurate, and the neighbor was obliging. The visitor took one look at the chasm which yawned between him and the offered haven and shook his head.

"Douglas Fairbanks is the only man I know who could do that stunt and get away with it," he said. "I never took any prizes in athletics."

Pamela looked scornful. "It's not more than four feet," she declared.

"Not crossways. But it's a million miles to the ground, if I'm any judge of distance."

"I shall build you a bridge," said Pamela, with dignity and resourcefulness stamped on every line of her face. And she did, with the ironing-board. The visitor, protesting, vainly begging for permission to come again, stepped gingerly out on his bridge.

"You'll be sorry, Miss Captain Cuttle, that you made me walk the plank, when my mangled remains lie in the courtyard below. "My name is Edgar Holt, and my five sisters live at No. 7 Beacon street. Please notify them, and do not send flowers."

"You're perfectly safe," was Pamela's crisp reply. "And please remember our sign. No men to cross this threshold."

The window across the way swallowed him safely, and they returned to their hair brushings and cold creamings. Somehow, they were not so sleepy as they had been a half hour ago. They talked very late, but all of them agreed vehemently that the audacious young stranger meant nothing at all in their young lives, and they hoped never to see him again.

"This is Mr. Loot, Pamela. I am going to marry him next week," she said.

Pamela and Violet had an engagement for the following morning, which was Pamela's reason for wishing a good night's sleep. "No man is going to give us a job if we look sleepy," she scolded. "And you know very well we need a job. Kate can't keep all three of us going with her chorus-girl salary, and there is no reason why she should."

"I'm not a chorus girl; I have a small part," explained Kate, with dignity. "And you know I'm glad to share my salary with you."

"Well, what did we go to a secretarial school for, if we are not to be

secretaries?" demanded Violet, sensibly. "We will land these little old jobs in the wealthy corporation's office, and presently I shall be the president's blushing bride, while Pamela will elope with the office boy."

"Forget it," said Pamela, slangily, "and come along. Our chariot approaches. Hear it clang. Time and the trolley wait for no woman."

It was amazing that two girls with no experience should have landed two very good jobs with such ease. Mr. Sprague, office manager, gave them what he called "the once over," and promptly decided that Pamela would be his confidential secretary, while Violet should occupy a less responsible but little less lucrative position in the outer office. Had the girls been older or more worldly wise they would have known it was too good to be all right. As it was, they accepted their new positions with undisguised joy' and boasted about their success to all who would listen.

One who was always ready to listen was Edgar Holt. Somehow, that youth seemed, as the practical Kate expressed it, always around underfoot. He was denied the house; the girls stuck rigidly to their rule of no men callers, but that difficulty seemed only to whet his ardor and call out all his resourcefulness. If they went out to dine, he was there, begging to sit at their table, and sulking because he was not allowed to pay the whole bill. If they went to walk, he met them at the first corner. If they took a car, he appeared, hanging to the strap in front of them—in front of Pamela, to be more accurate. It was plain to be seen where his preference lay. But Pamela only tilted her head saucily and looked at him with scornful indifference, and suggested that he get himself a job, so he would have less time for following ladies who had no desire to be followed.

And then, as might have been expected, the office manager began to show his liking for Pamela's dimples, and to show that he vastly preferred taking her out to luncheon to giving her dictation. It took several days for Pamela to realize the situation. When she did, she did the only thing a Pamela *could* do. She took her hat in one hand and Violet in the other and left the office, not even stopping to collect the week's pay which was due them.

Violet went obediently but unenthusiastically. Pamela was surprised at her attitude. "A man isn't necessarily a villain because he asks you out to luncheon," she pouted. "Lots of perfectly nice men take girls to luncheon. No use of being so—so exclusive, Pamela."

"Didn't we all agree, long ago, that there should be no men in our lives?" demanded Pamela, sternly.

"Ye-es," hesitated Violet. "But if we are going to be in business we can't simply ignore men. We have to meet them in business, don't we?"

"In the office, yes. Anywhere else, no," was the cryptic answer. Violet said no more. But she secretly wondered whether Pamela suspected that her superior officer, a very attractive man with the unromantic name of Loot, had been paying her marked attentions. Now she was torn from his side—but there was nothing to do about it, she decided. Pamela was very firm. In her heart of hearts Violet cherished a faith that Loot himself would find a way to see her, if he really wanted to.

Now that the girls were home again Pamela noticed that Kate was absent much more than she had been before. Always she had come home between matinees and evening performances to have a bit of supper and lie down for an hour. Now she tripped off at two, saying: "I won't be home until late tonight—it isn't worth coming for so short a time. I can lie down in the dressing-room if I want to rest." In other ways, too, Kate seemed strangely unlike her old frank, merry self. Pamela decided she must give her attention to this problem and see what was worrying Kate.

And, whatever else happened, they must find something to do. Pamela leaned toward a position in an office where there were only women. To her surprise Violet objected violently.

"I won't have a woman boss," she declared.

"You mean to say you prefer men to women?" demanded Pamela.

"I certainly do, in business. A woman is always sending you out to buy her a box of powder or some shoelaces or a box of hairpins. You have to make their appointments with the hairdresser and the manicure lady and the dressmaker person. You have to be a nurse and a lady's maid and a stenographer and an errand boy all in one when you are secretary to a woman. Betty Brown tried it and she told me all about it."

Pamela dropped the subject, tactfully, but her face showed that her mind was made up. If she decided they must work for women, there was no use arguing, Violet thought dolefully. Pamela *would* have her own way.

Violet watched from the window, rather wistfully, as Pamela started down the street to do some shopping and meet Kate. She saw the never-failing Edgar Holt join her at a corner, saw Pamela's trim little back stiffen with displeasure as he fell into step beside her.

"Wonder what that boy lives on?" thought Violet. "He seems to have nothing to do but tag Pamela around. Oh dear, I almost wish Pamela would fall in love with him. Of course, it's nice here, just we three and no men to worry us, but——"

And while Violet's thoughts drifted off into rosy, wistful dreams which girls dream when they are half in love, Pamela was saying to Edgar Holt, very severely: "Have you nothing whatever to do? I never met a man who seemed to have so little purpose in life."

"Oh, don't talk that busy-bee stuff to me," he begged. "I never had a head for business details. I look after the big deals, but Sprague manages the office a million times better——"

He stopped with a furious blush and an expression of real terror. He had spoken absently, having been occupied in a study of Pamela's hair as it curled about the little ear nearest him. Now he realized that Pamela was staring at him with a face full of wrath and amazement.

"You're the Holt who is president of the company?" she gasped. "It was your office? Mr. Sprague is your manager?"

"Please listen," he begged. "I didn't

dare tell you, because I knew you wouldn't stay there if I did. I told Sprague to hire you, but it was all legitimate. We really needed two girls. And he swears he never insulted you—only tried to be friends. Is that true? If it isn't I'll——"

"It is perfectly true," she admitted. "He was not insulting. But I hate men—all men; they are all lying, deceiving, treacherous brutes. And I never want you to come near me again. *Never!*"

She whirled and left him, speeding up the street as fast as her little high-heeled boots would carry her. He gazed after her for a moment, shook his head ruefully, and went his way. But there was no expression of defeat on his handsome face—only a look of determination.

Pamela found Kate and hurried her home. She did not feel like shopping now, and she wanted to share her knowledge with the two girls. But when they opened the door of their apartment they stopped short, with gasps of astonishment.

There, in the center of the little sitting-room, stood Violet, and beside her, with his two arms encircling her, and his face very, very close to her face, was a man—a tall, rather handsome, business-like looking man.

There was a moment's awful silence. Then the intruder stepped back as Pamela flung herself violently forward, facing the surprised Violet.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

"This is Mr. Loot, Pamela. I am going to marry him next week," she said. "I am sorry to be false to my word, but we never should have taken such vows."

Stunned by the news, Pamela turned to Kate, and there was a little quiver in her voice as she said: "Then you and I are to be alone, Kate."

Kate flushed, drew a long breath and took the plunge.

"Might as well get it over all at once," she said. "I have been married a month, Pamela. To my manager. I meant to tell you to-day, anyhow."

Pamela looked from one to the other of her friends with such grief and helplessness in her expression that both began to cry.

"Oh, Pamela, darling, we can't help it," sobbed Violet. "Don't you see that we never were meant to live alone like this? Don't you ever want love and a home and little children, Pamela?"

"I certainly do *not!*" declared the girl, stubbornly. But that evening, with Kate gone to her new home and Violet gone for an evening with her lover, Pamela felt very strange. Not lonely; she told herself over and over—just strange. She could get used to it. She would live alone always. Maybe she would get a cat—or a parrot!—for a companion. A tear splashed down Pamela's frock. She could see herself old, alone, growing gray and wrinkled—all alone.

"Oh, you'll fall," she cried, clinging to him until he was safely inside.

And then a noise at the window startled her. She turned her head, and there, balanced on the window-sill, was a man—just about to creep into the window. She was not frightened, but her heart gave a great leap—a strange, new kind of leap which Pamela had not known before. For the man was Edgar Holt.

With a rush she crossed the room and found him balanced precariously on the ironing-board once more.

"Oh, you'll fall," she cried, clinging to him until he was safely inside.

But when he stood with her in the little sitting-room, looking down at her and saying never a word, Pamela—brave, bold, little Pamela—began to tremble, and to blush, and to feel very, very frightened and unexplainably happy.

"You—you know you're not allowed here," she said, faintly.

"I didn't cross the threshold," he said. "I found another way. And now that I'm in, may I stay, dear? I've waited a very long time for you, little Pamela."

He put an experimental arm around her. To her surprise, this only made Pamela feel more comfortable and happy. After a moment he bent his head.

"May I, Pamela?" he breathed.

Pamela said nothing at all, and everybody knows that silence means consent.

And before he left that night they burned the big sign in the little fireplace, watching with happy eyes while it melted into a spoonful of cold, gray ashes.

DUST OF DESIRE

(World Film)

Story by CLARA BERANGER and FORREST HALSEY *Directed by PERRY VEKROFF*

Adapted from the Photoplay

By EDWARD J. KING

THE PLAYERS:

Beth Vinton	*Rubye de Remer*	*Ridgley Torrence*	*Stuart Holmes*
Dick Thornton	*Thos. J. Carrigan*	*Corinne Torrence*	*Betty Blythe*

"OH, Beth, 'the Ham-and-Eggs Man' is here." Beth Vinton, proprietress of the picturesque country hotel known as Halcyon Inn, situated in the heart of Westchester County and very popular with the New York "Smart Set," rose and entered the cozy main dining-room. Seated at a corner table near a window, through the mullioned panes of which the afternoon sunlight streamed, sat one Dick Thornton, a wealthy and well-known New Yorker, who Beth's assistant had described as "the Ham-and-Eggs Man." This soubriquet Thornton had earned for himself by the fact that on the frequent occasions when he visited Halcyon Inn he always insisted upon being served with ham and eggs, for the very good reason that Beth Vinton's high-priced chef refused to cook anything so vulgar as that plebeian dish, and therefore Beth was obliged to herself prepare it with her own fair hands.

Beth Vinton had once been a popular and striking member of what is known as New York's "Smart Set," but unfortunate speculations had so consumed her finances that she had been reduced to the humble expedient of keeping an inn in order to earn a living. Having been herself a member of the smart world, and therefore knowing well the weaknesses, tastes and predilections of the members of smart society, she so conducted her inn as to make it very popular, and since she was a woman of broad ideas and tolerant views, and permitted certain gaieties which might have been looked upon with askance in some other more straight-laced quarters, the popularity of her place was even greater than it might otherwise have been.

It has been said that every person performing an act has some substantial reason for its performance, except in the case of madmen and fools. Dick Thornton was far from being either a madman or a fool, so that when a man of his caliber and fastidious inclinations developed what might be described as a passionate fondness for so humble a dish as ham and eggs, there must have been some very substantial reason for his indulgence in such a peculiar inclination.

The wise French have said that when no other apparent reason exists for the performance of an act by a man, "seek for the woman"; and that is exactly what one should have done in the case of Dick Thornton's weakness for ham and eggs. And if one had so sought one would have found the woman, and one would have found that she was none other than Beth Vinton. That Dick Thornton was in love with her any person might see, as the Irish express it, "with half an eye," and there were many among the male habitues of Halcyon Inn who were willing to vociferously insist that they could not blame him. Among the ladies, some of whom were prone to look upon Dick Thornton and his money with something more than favorable eyes, it was whispered that "the way that Vinton woman sets her cap for Dick Thornton is enough to make one positively ill."

This being the state of Dick Thornton's affections, and Beth Vinton returning those affections in no small measure, it is not astonishing that when one Thursday afternoon, as he sat in solitary state in the main dining-room while the other guests were having an hilarious time behind closed doors in an adjoining room, and as Beth brought him his usual ham and eggs, that he should have forgotten their presence and availed himself of the opportunity to ask Beth to become his wife.

In the natural order of things, Beth would have accepted Dick's offer of marriage with delight, but, unfortunately, Beth had had what is popularly known as a "past," and there was a chapter in her life which, she felt, precluded her from marrying any man until she had first told him the details of this chapter, and given him the opportunity to decide whether or not he was willing to take to wife a woman who had lived through such experiences.

So then, when Dick made his fervent proposal to her, she dropped her eyes, blushed, hesitated for a moment, and then, taking him by the arm, led him over to a place just outside the door of the room where the other guests were having a wild time, made more exuberant by little drinks which they imbibed out of little teacups. Turning to Thornton, she said: "Those persons inside were once my friends; the life they lead is the life I used to lead; the things they are doing now are the things that I once did, and did with more exuberance of spirit and more abandon than they are doing them now. Of course, in those days a man was mixed up in my life, and we became more friendly than the world thinks it permissible for a man and woman who are not married to become. I cannot tell you all the details of our relations, but you may form your own conclusions and assume that there was a complete forgetfulness of conventionality on both our parts. These things I felt that you should know, and I do not want you to ask me to become your wife until you have turned this confession over in your mind and have had time to consider whether or not a woman such as I have been is worthy to become your wife and the mother of your children."

As Beth made this confession, Dick's

face grew serious and an expression of pain and suffering came into his eyes, while his whole manner and pose became one of utter dejection; but when she had finished speaking he said: "Beth, your past means nothing to me. It is not the woman that you were that I love, but the woman that you are; and no matter what you may have been, or what you may have done, I know that in spirit you have more than atoned for your past errors and indiscretions. I would feel as safe in trusting my name and honor to you as I would in trusting them to my own mother. Again I ask, will you marry me, dear?"

As Dick uttered the above sentiments Beth's head drooped lower and lower and she became deadly pale. Here was a love such as she had not thought that a man of Dick's set could feel for any woman; here was a love noble, unselfish and big enough to forgive all things, and she, perhaps, had closed the door on this love forever. True, she could accept Dick's proposal, repeated after her confession, but a sense of fineness and decency made her feel that she would be taking advantage of him were she to do so while he was in his present impassioned mood. No, she thought, I will wait until he has had time to cool and has had an opportunity to turn my confession over in his mind, and then if he still wants me, I shall go to him joyfully, and it shall be the most earnest endeavor of my life to make him an ideal wife. Filled with this idea, Beth said: "It is generous of you, Dick to repeat your offer of marriage after the confession I have made, but I cannot accept it until you have had time to reflect upon my confession and to decide in all calmness that you still want me for your wife. If such should be the case, it will make me the happiest woman in the world to accept your offer, and I shall find my greatest pleasure in trying to live up to the standard which I know you have always set for the woman who would become your wife. Leave me now, I beg of you, and if later you wish to come to me again, you will find me waiting for you." Dick cast a hurried look into her face, and seeing how greatly in earnest she was, and realizing that it would only pain her were he to remain longer, he snatched her hand, carried it to his lips and kissed it fervently.

In every smart social circle there is always a wise lady of much experience and of clever mind who, by her genial good nature and her constant willingness to help others, invites the confidences of those woman of her acquaintance who may find themselves in need of help and advice. Such a woman was Mrs. Jack Stevens, a member of the circle of persons who frequented Beth's inn and who, while not participating in their wild gaieties, was usually an amused spectator thereof. This Mrs. Stevens was a warm friend of Beth's, and to her Beth carried the story of how Dick Thornton, whom she dearly loved, had proposed to her and how she had confessed to him that she had a past. "Did you tell him that your former lover was still living?" inquired Mrs. Stevens.

"No," replied Beth; "he seemed to assume that my former lover was dead."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mrs. Stevens. "Let him continue to think so, for it seems to be a peculiarity of the masculine mind that it is much more ready to forgive a woman for past indiscretions if their predecessor is dead than they are if their predecessor is living. It is extremely unlikely that you will ever come in contact again with Ridgley Torrence, and Dick will be much happier if he continues to believe that Torrence is dead"—which advice it will afterward develop was far from the wisest that Mrs. Stevens could have given Beth, for if she had frankly told Dick that his predecessor was still living she would have saved herself many sad experiences and much pain in the days to come.

Dick never tired of seeing her holding one of the youngsters in her arms.

Two days after he had avowed his love to Beth Vinton, Dick Thornton returned to the Halcyon Inn, with his mind made up to again ask Beth to marry him, no matter how dark or how lurid her past might have been. In a tremor of delight Beth now accepted him and so, in the language of the novelists, they were married.

Dick Thornton was associated with a large New York rubber company and shortly after his marriage he was asked by his company to go to South America for it in the capacity

of an explorer, and he, feeling that it would be good for both Beth and himself to get away for a time from old friends and old scenes, readily accepted the company's proposition. Within three weeks after his marriage he and Beth were established in an adobe cottage in an interior province in Peru. Here Beth and he were supremely happy and here they both found innumerable interesting things to keep their minds occupied and their hearts aglow with pleasurable excitement. Beth was particularly interested in the Inca Indians which constituted the native population of her new home, and especially in their babies. Dick never tired of seeing her holding one of the youngsters in her arms, and the little rascals always seemed delighted to come to her. Thus they lived in peace, contentment and happiness for about six months and then Fate took a hand in their affairs.

Corinne, with the pistol still in her hand, regarded them both with furious eyes.

It so happened that several months after Beth's marriage her former lover, Ridgley Torrence, a wealthy New Yorker, returned to New York and commenced to look for her.. It was not long before he learned of her marriage to Dick Thornton and of the fact that they had gone to South America together. The very thought that Beth had now passed out of his life, apparently forever, made her even more desirable in the eyes of Torrence and, being a man of none too fine a conscience and of decidedly flexible principle, he determined to follow her, for the purpose of seeing if he could win her back to himself. With this purpose in mind, he announced that he was going on a hunting trip to South America, and within a week or so after his arrival in New York set sail for Peru. Three weeks later he arrived at the cottage occupied by the Thorntons and gave as his excuse for coming the fact that he had been asked by the directors of Dick's company to look Dick up and see if all was well with him. Torrence went on to say that he was on a hunting expedition and requested shelter in the Thornton cottage for a few days. Beth was horrified at the thought of having her former lover in her own home, but her lips were sealed and there was nothing for her to do except to acquiesce in her husband's cordial invitation to Torrence to remain as long as he cared to. Thus it was that Torrence became an inmate of the home of the woman he loved, and many days had not passed before he was urging her to leave her husband and run away with him. This Beth steadfastly refused to do, and though she yearned for an opportunity to tell her husband of Torrence's proposals, she dared not do so because, in taking Mrs. Stevens' advice, she had led Dick to believe that her former lover was dead. Fortunately, several days after Torrence had become an inmate of the Thornton cottage he was thrown into a rapid stream while fishing and rescued from drowning by Thornton. There was a certain amount of decency in Torrence's soul, and after Dick's heroic sacrifice he felt that he could not longer remain an inmate of Dick's home. He therefore returned to New York, where, in a short while, he solaced himself by marrying one Corinne Herndon. Less than a year after Torrence's marriage Dick was notified that he had been promoted in the ranks of the rubber company, and that it was necessary for him to return to New York to take up the duties of his new position. He did not know that he owed his promotion to Torrence, who, in a spirit of gratitude, had won it for him. After his return, the Thorntons and the Torrences frequently met in society, and Corinne Torrence, who was a woman of great shrewdness and much acumen, soon conceived the notion that there was something between her husband and Thornton's wife. This caused her to regard Beth Thornton with such suspicion and to spy upon her so assiduously that, in a moment of great unhappiness, Beth wrote Torrence a note begging him to use his influence with the rubber company to have Dick sent back to South America. Scarcely had Beth despatched this note when she was visited by Mrs. Jack Stevens, to whom she confided what she had just done. Mrs. Stevens was horrified at this new indiscretion, and urged Beth to get the note back at any cost. In an agony of terror and distress of mind, Beth set out for the Torrence home and arrived there just at a time when the Torrences were in the midst of a heated discussion. It appears that Mrs. Torrence had seen Beth's note handed to Torrence and had tried to find out from him what the note was about. He had refused to divulge its contents and had gone to his own

apartments and locked himself in while he read it. When he emerged from his own rooms, Mrs. Torrence instantly started to upbraid him, and while she was in the act of so doing Beth arrived at the house. To the butler, who opened the door to her, Beth stated her message, and while the butler was going up to deliver it Mrs. Torrence stopped him and asked him what the message was. In his innocence, the butler told her, and she ordered him to show Beth up. When Beth entered the drawing-room Mrs. Torrence stepped from behind a curtain and commenced to pour a tirade of abuse on her unfortunate head. Beth defended herself, and the two women were facing each other like a pair of lionesses when Torrence entered the room.

At sight of her husband, who immediately attempted to defend Beth, Corinne Torrence became further enraged, and rushing over to a table, she took from a drawer a heavy pistol and, pointing it at Beth, deliberately fired. Nervousness, however, caused her aim to be poor, with the result that the bullet intended for Beth struck Torrence just below the heart. With a moan and a gasp, he sank to the floor. Beth rushed to his assistance and, seizing him by the hand, drew him to one knee, while Corinne, with the pistol still in her hand, regarded them both with furious eyes. In another second or two Torrence sunk to the floor and, despite his pain, managed to whisper to Beth an inquiry as to why she had been so indiscreet as to visit him. When she told him that she had come for his note, he drew it from his breast pocket and handed it to her. Then he ordered her to bring him a fountain-pen and a pad of paper, and, summoning his last strength, he wrote a short note to the effect that Corinne, his wife, had shot him, and gave the note to Beth and told her it would keep his wife from talking. Then he wrote another short note, saying that, because of ill health, he had decided to take his life, and this note he gave to Corinne, saying that it would save her from exposure, but that if she ever endeavored to injure Beth, that Beth would use the note he had given her and the true story of the shooting would be revealed.

The next morning the newspapers were filled with lurid accounts of the suicide of Ridgley Torrence, and with much excitement Dick read the headlines to Beth. In her excitement, Beth impulsively cried, "It's a lie!" Whereupon Dick demanded to know how she knew it was a lie. Feeling that anything would be better than to longer continue the deception she had been practicing, Beth produced the letter which Torrence had given her the night before and then told Dick her whole pitiful story. When she had told all the sad details and sat with downcast head and breaking heart, expecting any moment to hear Dick heap a torrent of abuse upon her head, he came over and rested his hand tenderly upon her arm. She looked up at him, half afraid, and whispered between her sobs: "Of course all is over between us now." His reply was to place his arms about her. As he drew her closely to his heart, he whispered: "Over? It is just begun, because you, my darling, have paid, and paid dearly; Torrence, too, has paid, as the woman who killed him is now paying."

Then, with his arm still about her, he led her out into the rose garden at the back of the house, where the brilliant summer sunshine bathed them both in its golden glory and seemed to portend a life of unalloyed happiness for them both in the days to come.

A DAUGHTER OF THE WOLF

(Paramount Film)

Story by HUGH PENDEXTER

Scenario by MARIAN FAIRFAX

Directed by IRVIN WILLAT

Adapted from the Photoplay

By S. V. WINTHROP

THE PLAYERS:

Delight Ainsworth.....*Lila Lee*
Robert Draly.....*Elliott Dexter*
Wolf Ainsworth.....*Clarence Geldart*
Roe.....*James Mason*

DELIGHT was a little Canadian. She lived in a shack with her father in the far north where the ground was covered with snow half the year. Her mother was dead, and her father was the leader of a band who smuggled furs across the border and into the big cities, where they were sold at a huge profit. The furs were not only gathered by Wolf Ainsworth and his gang, but were purchased cheaply from the Indians and trappers who hunted in that bleak and desolate region.

Brought up more like a boy than a girl, Delight's only friends were an Indian squaw called Mrs. Beavertail and a savage wolf-dog named Rex. She loved the beast with all her heart. It was her constant companion. A young French-Canadian called Roe and an outlawed old physician dubbed Doc were also members of the Ainsworth home. Roe was in love with Delight, and intensely jealous of her, but it must be admitted that she did not reciprocate his affection. She merely tolerated him because he did everything he could for her comfort and happiness. In that cold, lonesome country, where human beings are scarce, there is always a close tie of friendship between the members of a little community; besides which the girl had seldom seen any other men than those in her father's band. She

was artless and primitive to a degree. What scant education she had was derived from the old doctor. Consequently, deprived of a mother's care, she had grown up absorbing the rough customs of her only companions until she became exactly like them in habits, and ultimately developed the same type of mentality. Rough surroundings could not destroy her femininity, however, for when a man kicked a dog, she caressed it. She had a heart as big and kind as the whole wide world, a tenderness of sentiment that harmonized with her sex, and a delicacy of feeling that would insist upon bursting through her rough exterior at the most unexpected moments.

At the close of the trapping season, her father lit his pipe after supper and, seating himself before the blazing logs in the open fireplace, he sat pondering a while, then beckoned to his daughter.

"I've got some pleasant news for you," he remarked.

Delight sat on his knee, smiling expectantly.

"Going to bring me back a doll from the city, daddy?" she asked eagerly.

"Better than that. For the first time in your life I'm going to take you over the border with us when we make our next run of furs, and show you what civilization really looks like."

A cry of intense joy escaped her lips, her face became wreathed in smiles, and she clapped her hands and, flinging her arms around her father's neck, she rapturously kissed him.

"Oh, daddy!" she gasped. "I'm so glad. You know I always wanted to go, but you never would take me on account of the danger from the revenue officers. And now—at last—I'm to have my wish granted. You do not know how happy you have made me."

The smuggler smiled. He loved his child in his own rough way, and it pleased him to see how his promise overjoyed her.

"You are grown up now," he said softly. "You are budding from childhood into young womanhood. I don't want you to develop into a savage, so I'm going to bring you to the city and buy you pretty clothes and let you mingle with human beings as every other young girl does. But you'll have to be mighty careful not to betray my unlawful business to anybody, or the police will clap me into a prison and put an end to my career."

"You can trust me, daddy," she answered earnestly. "But I do wish you would give up smuggling. It keeps you in constant danger and it keeps me in fear you may get caught."

She loved the beast with all her heart.

"Well, well, perhaps I may pretty soon," he assured her. "I've made lots of money and to-day am a rich man. I hope this will be my last trip."

"Ah, m'sieur," interposed the voice of Roe, who had been listening to their conversation, "an' when zat day eet arrive, zen you 'and ovair ze beesiness to me as your successair—eh?"

"That was my promise, Roe," answered the Wolf with a nod.

Filled with the pleasure of anticipation, Delight soon afterward retired to her room with the squad, and, rolling herself up in the blankets on a rough wooden bunk, she fell fast asleep.

Next day the dog sledges were loaded with bales of furs, the men were armed, Delight was perched on one of the sledges, and when the whole party fastened on their snowshoes the expedition started. All day long they tramped steadily over the snow, leading the dog teams, and only camping long enough to eat dinner and supper.

It was late that night when they reached the frontier. Then Roe went scouting ahead, and the whole party waited. An hour passed before the Canadian came crunching back and made a gesture to Wolf.

"Safe to advance, m'sieur," he announced quickly. "I meet ze officers, pay zem ze money and zey go away, leaving ze roads clear."

Wolf grinned, and started the expedition. They were soon on American soil, not a revenue man in sight, and going on to a prearranged rendezvous, they were met by several teams. The gang were provided with horses, and inside of an hour all had scattered save a little party consisting of the Wolf, his daughter and Roe. They rode all night and in the morning

reached a town where the horses were stabled, after which a train carried Wolf's party to Chicago. The smuggled skins were also shipped to that city. A night in a first-class hotel followed, and next day Wolf gave his daughter a roll of money.

"Go out and buy your clothing now," he said. "Roe and I are going to dispose of the pelts. We'll be back at six."

He left her and she lost no time about procuring the beautiful frocks she always craved. A hairdresser opened her two thick braids and rearranged her long dark tresses becomingly, and when she donned a beautiful filmy lace dress she scarcely knew herself. The transformation in her appearance was truly remarkable.

When she stepped into the hall, her father and Roe came along and stood eyeing her in astonishment.

"An exquisite costume! I'm proud of you," said Wolf.

"I feel so strange," she muttered in puzzled tones. "I always wanted all the luxuries I've heard that city girls enjoyed, but now that I've got them, I'm uncomfortable and longing for my heavy pants, my woolen jacket, my fur shoes and knitted cap."

"Nonsense! You'll soon get used to correct female apparel," Ainsworth answered. "You look now as you should look—a real girl, and beautiful beyond everything on earth. Now to face the music."

He led her into the glittering dining-room, where people of wealth and fashion stared in amazement at the beautiful girl and her two rough escorts. It made her feel embarrassed when she saw all eyes turned upon her, but she braved the ordeal unflinchingly and sat at the table to which they were ushered.

Unnoticed, her handkerchief slipped to the floor and a young man handed it to her.

As the food was served, she became conscious that the handsome young man, now sitting at an adjoining table, was covertly watching her, and she heard the waiter address him as Mr. Draly. He was very distinguished, stylish and polite, but there was a sad expression on his features that seemed to indicate that his mind was troubled with some misfortune.

It was a relief, when the meal was ended, to get away from the stares of the diners, but at the door she paused to glance back at Draly and, seeing him watching her, she smiled broadly and nodded. As quick as a flash he returned the smile and waved his hand. The next moment she was out of the room, her heart strangely stirred by the handsome stranger, her mind in a whirl from all the excitement, and her head violently aching from nervousness.

On the following morning Wolf and Roe went out early and she changed her costume, left her hair in braids and, putting on a quaint little velvet hat, went down for her breakfast.

There was Mr. Draly at his table watching her. She nodded and smiled and he returned both nod and smile. Then she sat at her table and, seeing that places had been set for her father and Roe, she picked up all the knives, forks and spoons and was going to call to the waiter to come and take them away, when Draly slipped into a vacant chair beside her and asked, in surprise:

"What are you going to do with all that silverware, miss?"

"Give it back to the waiter. My father and Roe won't be in for breakfast," she replied innocently.

"For heaven's sake don't do that before all these people or you'll have them laughing at you," he advised in alarm. "It's bad form to do anything like that. Didn't you know it?"

"Why, no," she replied in some confusion. "You see, I've never been to a big city before, but was born and reared way up in the north of Canada, where we very seldom see any people except those of our own settlement. I'm sorry I made such an error."

"Oh, it's perfectly excusable, in view of what you just told me," he assured her. "I hope you'll pardon my intrusion."

"I'm glad you warned me. I've got a lot to learn, sir."

"My name is Robert Draly, and I saw by the register that yours is Delight Ainsworth. Now we're introduced."

"Well, I'm right glad to get acquainted with you, but somehow you have aroused my sympathy, for you have an awfully sad look."

"Oh, that came from worrying," he answered. "You see, I was in love with a girl. I am fairly well off. But when a richer fellow came along, she left me for him, and as it proved that she did not love me but was simply marrying for money, it got on my nerves and broke me all up. Since I've seen you, I'm beginning to forget my false sweetheart, I'm glad to say."

"And I've taken a deep interest in you," said Delight, naively. "Isn't that odd? But I'm afraid we can't be anything but friends, for Roe is in love with me, he says, and he's terribly jealous of every man I even speak to. As he's a pretty bad man, I don't want to get you in trouble, so you'd better not speak to me while he is around. He'd be sure to pick a quarrel with you."

"All right," smiled Draly. "I'll be careful. But I would like to continue our acquaintance. Can't you arrange to dine with me some evening when Mr. Roe isn't around?"

"I'd be pleased to," she assented. "To-morrow night he and daddy are going to be away on business and that will be our chance."

"Very well. I'll look for you down here at seven."

But the meeting failed to occur, for an hour before the appointed time Draly received a message stating that his father had died suddenly and demanding his immediate departure for New York. Inexpressibly shocked, he sent a wire to Delight explaining matters and hurriedly departed. It was left in her box at the office, the clerk forgetting to send it to her. In the meantime Wolf and Roe suddenly made their appearance at the hotel, nervous, worried and excited. The moment the smuggler got his daughter alone he whispered:

"Get ready to move out of here in a hurry!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the surprised girl.

"Roe has just discovered that some revenue officers are onto us and intend to pull us all in. I've scattered the gang and come for you."

Realizing the danger, she hurriedly packed her grips and a bribed porter

rushed them down the rear fire-escape into the yard, whence they gained the back street and sped off in a taxi, just as the officers burst into their apartments.

The return trip to Canada was made by a devious route that completely threw the officers off their trail, and they finally reached their huts in the north woods in safety.

Delight greatly enjoyed the excitement of the adventure, for it made her blood race in her veins with exhilaration and broke the monotony of a prosy railroad trip. Her only regret was the parting with Robert Draly. He had made a deep impression upon her mind and weaned her of all idea of marrying Roe. And during the war that followed she became very sad and morose, her heart longing for the man she loved, for she feared that she would never see him again.

He raised the billet to strike Doc, but the girl seized his arm.

"What must he have thought of me," she reflected, "when he learned that we were fugitives from justice?"

She ran down to the traps and released a wounded rabbit, as the barking of her two Esquimau dogs had warned her that the steel jaws of the traps had closed on a living victim.

"Poor little rabbit," she muttered, pressing it to her breast. "I am so sorry you took the bait intended for moose and bear or fox."

Roe had followed her, and he now reached her and sneered:

"I suppose you'll lose a pelt by letting that thing go."

"The poor little creature is useless. I thought you went to see the factor at Sault Saint Jean."

"So I did, and while there I saw that fellow Draly who was so attentive to you in Chicago. Sacre! 'Ow I hate heem! He was enquiair where we are to be found. Ze fact zat he trail us here aftair ze raid to me look ver' suspicious. I am sure he eez a revenue officer."

Delight's heart gave a sudden bound of joy. Draly was coming. She might meet him again after all, and the thought gave her pleasure.

"And did you tell him where to find us?" she asked eagerly.

"No, by gar! But I led heem into ze wilderness, off toward ze Devil's Canyon, and left heem in a blinding snowstorm. Eef ze wolves do not get heem, he is so 'opelessly lost zat he soon perish of ze cold."

"You beast! You inhuman beast!" she screamed in a frenzy of horror. "Perhaps you have betrayed him to his doom."

"Well," chuckled Roe, "zat ees good eef he is wan revenuer—eh?"

He did not tell her that he had led Draly down from the road into the forest, where he forced him into a fight, but as Draly was an expert boxer he knocked Roe out, and when he came to his senses and started for home nothing was seen of his intended victim.

Delight rushed back to the house, but by the time she was ready to start out in search of Draly the storm reached such an intensity that it was impossible to face it without freezing to death in the roaring blasts of needle-laden wind.

She restlessly paced the floor of her room all night long, but the gale raged until daylight. The squaw scolded, but she refused to sleep. After the sun had risen she found a half-breed native, and said:

"I need your help. Come with me."

Her dogs were with her and the man grumblingly consented. It was a long tramp to the canyon, but they found Draly half buried in the snow. He was unconscious from the numbing cold. By the aid of her dogs, she got him back to the shacks, and then he revived, and recognized her with a faint smile. They helped him into the hut and laid him on a bunk, where he fainted.

"Who is he?" demanded Wolf.

"A spy!" hissed Roe vindictively. "A revenue man."

"You lie!" exclaimed Delight, and drawing a wad of money from Draly's pocket, she said to her father: "If he was a revenue man would he be going about with all this money?"

Wolf was only half convinced.

"Revive him, Doc," he said to that individual.

The old relic of a man of medicine soon brought Draly to his senses.

While this was going on Roe got the men aside and excitedly urged them to kill the stranger. He declared that Draly was a spy, for Delight's interest in the man maddened him, and he was anxious to have the stranger killed so he could not interfere between him and the girl. The old doctor noted their aggressive looks, and seeing that Delight cared

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for the stranger, he said to one of the men:

"Leave him alone. He's no spy."

"You mind your own business," snarled the man, picking up a billet of hard wood. "What have you got to say about it?"

"I'm not going to let you attack an innocent man just on the false suspicions of Roe!" retorted the doctor hotly.

"You won't, eh! Well, I'll show you!" And with that he sprang at Doc, gripped him by the throat and hurled him to the floor in a corner, where Delight was crouching.

He raised the billet to strike Doc, but the girl seized his arm.

"Stop, you dog!" she screamed.

An oath escaped the man and he tore himself free, but Wolf seized him and hurled him across the room savagely.

"Don't you dare to interfere with that child of mine!" he bellowed pugnaciously. "I'm attending to this affair!"

Muttering a volley of furious imprecations, the man arose and skulked off, glaring hatred at his stern leader. Then Wolf spoke to his gang in whispers, and Delight saw them draw their revolvers and hunting knives. It was apparent to her that Roe had prevailed upon her father to put Draly out of the way, and a sickening sensation gripped her heart. Without help, she saw that it was impossible to stop them.

Her courage did not desert her, however, for she suddenly interposed her body between Draly and the gang, and raising her hand, she cried in deadly tones:

"If you fire you'll hit me. If you attack him, I'll fight you all single-handed until there is no life left in me."

"Stand aside there!" her father roared angrily.

"Not an inch!" she defied him stubbornly.

The Wolf was maddened at this and told his men to charge on her in a body and wrest Draly from her at any cost. With a savage yell, the gang made a sudden rush, but before they had time to reach her the door went open with a crash and into the room swarmed a dozen revenue officers.

There were shots, yells and curses on both sides as a battle opened, and the struggle that followed lasted some time.

But a pistol bullet sent Wolf crashing to the floor, and as their leader fell the gang lost courage and surrendered.

"I knew zat Draly was a spy an' he betray us!" yelled Roe; "but I fix heem before zey get me!"

With a murderous glare in his baleful eyes he took a tighter grip on the hunting-knife in his hand and rushed toward the bunk, where the helpless invalid lay watching the combat. But Delight rushed between them and flung her arms around his neck to drag him back.

He cursed her in French and flung her off roughly just as a ball from a revenue agent's gun reached him and he fell beside his intended victim in an agony of pain.

The next minute the whole gang was overpowered, handcuffed and marched out of the shack to be transferred to the frontier jail. The officer in command then turned to Draly and said:

"We owe our success to you, young man."

"I don't see what I had to do with this raid," he answered.

"Then I'll explain. When the Wolf and his gang were in Chicago we got onto them and observed your attentions to his daughter. But before we could round them up they gave us the slip. We did not know where to find them, so we shadowed you, well knowing you would seek the girl, and would lead us to the rendezvous of her father and his gang of smugglers."

This explanation relieved Delight, as it showed her that the man she loved had innocently betrayed them to the officers, besides which it established the fact that he was not a spy.

When the revenue men were gone the girl walked up to Draly's bunk and said, in soft tones:

"I am sorry you got into all this trouble on my account."

"Oh, I'd brave worse for your sake, Delight," he answered earnestly. "You cannot help seeing that I love you, dear, and I only hope I can win your affection."

"You already have it," she answered gravely, as she bent over and imprinted a kiss on his forehead. "I am alone in the world now. You are all I have to live for. My father was good to me, but neglected me so much that I shall scarcely miss him, and as for Roe, I am glad he is dead, for a worse brute never lived. I shall nurse you back to health now, and, as my father has left me a substantial fortune, we shall go back to civilization where I can live like a real human being. I often urged my father to give up his unlawful business, but he never heeded me, and the result is that it led to his untimely end."

Through the months that followed she tenderly cared for Draly until he was well and strong again. Then, with her effects packed on a sledge, drawn by her two wolf-dogs, she set out for the southlands, with Draly by her side. His arm was around her and there was a tender light in his eyes, for he loved her with all his heart, and with such a love he was bound to make her happy.

Killed the Bear by Accident

WILLIAM FARNUM, the Fox star, refuses to be given credit for landing a big brown cinnamon bear on a recent hunting expedition in the Rockies which he made shortly after completing work on his recent production, "The Lone Star Ranger," directed by J. Gordon Edwards.

Mr. Farnum, accompanied by several Indian guides, was traveling down the southern slope of a mountain into a canyon when his rifle trigger was caught by some brush and the gun discharged. He reloaded the weapon and thought nothing more of the matter. Shortly after pitching their tents he and his guides went on an exploring tramp into the canyon and came across the carcass of a newly slain brown cinnamon bear.

Investigation led to the conclusion that the accidental discharge of Farnum's rifle had killed the animal. Mr. Farnum says he never enjoyed bear steaks more than those from this animal. The skin is now in his home.

THE PLAYBOY OF CULVER CITY

TOM MOORE laughs always. That's because he's Irish and happy-go-lucky, as a playboy should be. In fact, his playboyishness lies in his smile. He doesn't perform stunts. You would be quite safe in inviting him to dinner. He would not vault over the living-room lamp. Dowagers and parental dignitaries would adore him. As a matter of fact, they do, and children, dogs and ingénues. They all think Tom Moore is especially theirs. This is because he is of the soil, like a Thomas Hardy character.

He is not bothered with theories of acting or living. Long ago he settled things in his mind. "Do your best and don't bore any one while doing it," might be said to be the result of his findings.

"It used to be that each day brought a new problem, a worry. That was when I was very young and too serious. Now things take care of themselves, and"—he said with an amused shrug—"I let 'em." His accent—I won't call it a brogue—cannot be set down in print, for the reason that it's hardly more than the elusive lilt of the cultured, genuine Irishman. But it's on his tongue always and it's charming.

"When I was a kid the problem was to get money for the gallery seat I could never occupy too often. My liking for the theater was not because it was a pastime. 'I'm getting a stage education,' I used to say to my mother. It was no secret that I was stage struck and the family—there were eight of us then—nagged me unmercifully."

Of course he got behind the footlights eventually, but not without setbacks, amusing now, tragic then. As a boy his imitations of actors kept the family in roars. To this day he doesn't know whether they were laughing at the way he mimicked his stage favorites or at him. But let him speak for himself.

"Anyhow, I thought the time had come for me to make a professional

Tom Moore.

début, and of course New York was not big enough. So I had to run away to do it. I got as far as Brooklyn, where I had heard a stock company was about to open.

"I might have gone over some morning, got my interview and no one would have known anything about it. But to my youthful idea of adventure it seemed necessary to be away over night. Well, that's what I did. With fifty cents in my pocket I found myself in darkest Brooklyn. There were no motion pictures then to blame for my waywardness, nor were there any to while away the time at. So I walked the streets till I got sleepy, and with one of my quarters bought a night's lodging. The other remained in my pocket. Or did until I discovered in the morning that it had been stolen from me. So I hadn't a cent, was hungry as only a boy of fifteen can be, and was in Brooklyn.

"But I saw the manager of the stock company. 'Whaddye want?' that individual asked, smoking a cigar and looking out of the window.

"'A job, sir.'

"'No jobs here. Everything filled—call boy, carpenter's boy—everything.'

"'What about the acting jobs?' I boldly asked. His reply made it necessary for me to get out as quickly as I could, trudge back to upper New York and confess everything."

Of course came the chance after a while, then years of stock companies—hard years, too, he doesn't mind saying—and then his early identification with Kalem. Elevated to stardom by Goldwyn is not the result of a happy accident, a speculation. Tom Moore has really earned it—and proved that he can earn money for the company. He showed his screen friends—and incidentally the theater managers—what he could do in plays like "Dodging a Million," "The Cinderella Man," and in several with Madge Kennedy. His own "Thirty a Week" left no one in doubt as to his independent value.

Lest you think this is getting away from the playboy idea, which is

usually behind everything he says and does, he asks me to announce—seriously—that he has fathomed a secret and made a resolution. Both concern grapefruit. He is quite sure that California is responsible for the superabundance of grapefruit used at motion picture breakfasts and he is determined to combat this convention.

"Tell the world," he trumpeted through his hands, "that I'll never eat grapefruit on the screen; let it be so understood. I am resolved to be original."

There's another resolution, though not a new one. He has never made a personal appearance in conjunction with his pictures, because he has a firm belief that a screen player should be seen and never heard. Between ourselves, I believe it's bashfulness that holds him back. I contend this even though he tells me he has refused any amount of remuneration for doing it.

"And I needed the money," he adds with his usual frankness.

THE LACK OF GOOD STORIES

By JESSIE BOOTHE

THERE seems to be sort of a general opinion that there is no market for original stories among the authors, both real and near. The consensus of opinion is that the market is flooded with material, and that there is no use sending stories in, because they would not be given the proper consideration. The idea that there is so much to choose from that an author can't get any money for his material is another idea among the prominent list. True, the scenario market is just as flooded as it ever was, but not with good material. There is a crying need right at this minute for good original stories—something that has not been worked to death.

If you have a wonderful story, with a new idea woven into it, and which contains many unexpected twists, and is humanly entertaining, you can select that car you have had your eye on the moment it is read by a scenario editor.

Latterly there has been a decided falling off in accepted original scripts at the various studios, due to nothing else than the lack of originality in the stories received. It does not take an editor long when reading over a submitted story to tell if the idea is a new one or not. The first few paragraphs in the synopsis will tell him that.

Most writers have the idea that complete continuity must accompany all stories. Such is not the case. Just give an editor a good detailed synopsis of your story, and that will be sufficient if he likes the plot.

In their efforts to secure suitable screen stories, the various film companies have purchased the film rights to many well-known novels, which has again led the author to believe that his original scripts are not wanted by the producer, and has caused him to give up his thoughts of writing for the screen. The purchasing of popular books for screen production started in a mouth-to-mouth advertising at the studios.

Some one would say that a certain book would make a dandy motion picture, and when the studios were held up for lack of a good story, they recalled the book, and negotiated for its purchase.

Of course, there is a certain publicity value attached to popular books in producing them on the screen. People who have read the story, and like it, will want to see it on the screen. Those who did not enjoy the story, won't. When a company is known to produce good pictures, and their stars are popular with the audiences, the story makes little difference to the theater-going public; therefore the story might just as well be by a good free-lance writer as taken from a popular novel. You produce a good story for the scenario department, and they will produce a handsome check for you, and give you a vote of thanks at the same time.

Of course every writer imagines his story is the best—is sure it will make a wonderful screen success, and feels certain that he has only to submit it to a film company in order to get a check. But let him consider a bit the requirements of the silent drama, which he can readily do if he has a smattering of how plays are produced. Then let him figure the possibilities of his story. A mere mass of beautiful word-paintings never made a good play. Action, and plenty of it, to make the actors move on the screen, is the great requisite, coupled with an unusual plot.

Bear in mind that the story is told in actions, and only where the action is vague are captions interpolated. There are thousands of fine stories, which, as stories, have made a hit because the language carries them over, but they do not always make good plays.

In order to make your story fit the screen, you must write it as a sequence of events which tell the story. There is nothing mysterious about having what is called the "picture eye," that is, the ability to visualize a story in the form of a series of pictures, which make up the play. The rules of story-writing do not apply to the rules of photoplay writing. In the latter all descriptive matter, dialogue, philosophizing, poetry and useless material are eliminated. Bare facts for each scene are wanted of the author, as the directors of the plays add the embellishments.

The principal idea of the story must be as original as possible, although the old axiom that "there is nothing new under the sun" holds good in story construction. The way a story is told will give it a measure of success, but a theme that has been used too often must be avoided. Use themes that have not been employed much in plays or stories and you will then have a better chance of disposing of your photoplays.

Remember that thousands of plays have been produced, that nearly every plot invented has been shown on the screen, and try to avoid those which have been done to death.

THE MYSTERIES OF MAKE-UP

By ALICE JOYCE

IN these days when girls consider vanity-bags as necessary as hat and shoes, and when it is a common sight to observe young women using powder-puffs and lip-sticks in public places, one would suppose that the art of make-up was generally understood. Proof that it is not is best illustrated by some of the effects, seen both on the street and on the screen.

I have been in pictures for more than eight years and I am still a student of make-up. It is a fascinating subject and one essential to the actress of shadow drama. Methods are continually changing. New lighting effects require new make-up effects. I have constantly tried to reproduce the natural human coloring and expression. When the spectator of a picture detects the penciled lines about the eyes or the black, greasy smear of rouge on the lips, he is reminded that he is observing just a picture and picture people. The illusion we strive to create is broken by the obtrusion of artifice. The first principle of make-up is to reproduce faithfully the human countenance. To beautify is a second consideration which is dependent on the first.

When I first entered the motion picture studio, the make-up problem was the greatest one with which directors had to contend. At that time players were using the ordinary musical comedy stage make-up—eyes heavily beaded with mascaro, lots of black over the eyelids, and heavy red lips that photographed a black smudge. As a result, we were extremely unnatural-looking creatures. I believe that this had a great deal to do with the impression that the screen was a cheap, impossible imitation of the stage.

The camera photographs at the rate of sixteen pictures per second, and during the taking of a scene the action is constant. Defects are registered in such a way that to eliminate them later would necessitate a staggering amount of retakes, involving loss of time and money. For instance, without the proper make-up every facial blemish would register, such as freckles, tan and wrinkles. And they would register far more obviously than they would appear away from the camera. Tanned skin would reproduce almost black, and freckles would be enlarged conspicuously.

Alice Joyce.

Owing to haste in preparing for a picture, it frequently happens that the experts of the make-up department have not time personally to supervise the make-up of extra players. The result is these people oftentimes appear on the film with hollow cheeks, lips the color of coal and eyes so small that they cannot serve as mirrors of expression. To provide against this the Vitagraph studio has engaged a large staff of make-up experts. These artists supervise the toilets of the extra players. When they are not so employed, they are experimenting, always in quest of the ideal shades for various lights.

Personally, I believe the best color to use for facial make-up under the strong lights used in the studio is blue, because in certain shades it photographs better than the yellow used so generally. Yet, on the other hand, it is such a tricky color that it proves dangerous unless one is absolutely certain of the lights. On the whole, yellow is the best tint for gaining the natural flesh color.

There are a thousand or more tricks to make-up, and I do not pretend to know them all. There are certain fundamentals, however, which beginners must know before they can hope to achieve a satisfactory effect. To professional players these things are known, but to screen aspirants they constitute part of the many mysteries of motion pictures. For instance, it may be interesting to know that in order to round the cheek, you must put on the make-up at the back of the face, laying it on heavily about the jaw-line and extending it back on the neck. To thin

the face you must put the make-up forward. I recall one cast in particular where a beautiful girl screened badly because a prominent jaw gave her face a square, coarse effect on the screen that was not apparent in life. This was rectified by shadowing over the jaw, thus giving oval lines.

Describing make-up generally, I can best make it clear by illustrating my own. In making up my eyes—the principal medium of expression—I use some mascaro on the lashes and a black line on the upper lid following the contour. To obtain an especially appealing effect, I draw a straight line out from the corner of the eyes, but I never use any lines or shadows below the eyes. Thus there is given full play for expression, the color on the upper lid providing a background. Green is the best shade to use for face shadowing and for that over the eyes, because it does not smear as does blue or black.

Curved lines must never be used on the eyebrows. I know the arched eyebrows are the ideal of almost all women, but on the screen they give a startled, strained look. You will note this expression when you see some of the girls in pictures who have the "plucked" eyebrows—high, thin lines that seem to be drawing the eye upward.

In my own work I use what is known as No. 8 powder, juvenile blend, and No. 3 grease paint. I first smoothly apply the grease paint, then cover it with powder. Next, I brush off the powder with a fine brush, which is known as a blending brush and which resembles very much a baby's hair brush. This not only blends the powder and paint, but prevents the two elements from smearing. The hands and arms should be whitened; otherwise there would be a noticeable contrast. If the hands and arms were not whitened the face would show so light in contrast that it would appear to be set on a body to which it did not belong.

In making up my lips I first apply the rouge liberally and then rub it down. On the upper lip I leave only enough to mark the contour. On the lower I keep a heavier color, because of the shadows that are bound to be cast.

When wearing light colors or evening gowns, I always use pink rouge under the chin and at the point of the jaw to prevent halation, which is a halo reflected on the face from the white shoulders or arms when the lights strike at a center angle. This glaring effect, which is caused from light reflecting on a white surface, is the reason for eliminating white as a color for clothes, linens and hangings. The table clothes and bed linens you see in pictures are usually of light blue, and the clothes that photograph white are invariably yellow.

There are an infinite number of details in the matter of make-up, and most of them must be learned by actual experiment. I think you will agree with me that there recently has been a marked improvement in the make-up of screen players. The artless, apparent methods are tabooed by fans as well as by critics. Naturalness is demanded above all else. And this requires the most exquisite technique.

She Bars Animal Actors

MADGE KENNEDY lost her breath the other day in the most exciting experience she has ever encountered. It happened, of course, during the production of her current Goldwyn picture under the direction of Clarence G. Badger.

Required by the scenario of the Jesse Lynch Williams play to climb a tree and be kept there by the presence of a bear at the foot of it, Miss Kennedy, with the aid of a ladder, found a place on a secure bough and then the bear was told to go to it. He did.

It seemed to every one that the bear realized he was again in his native element.

Quickly he eluded every one and climbed rapidly toward his prey. Keeping the spirit of the comedy Madge Kennedy playfully motioned him down until she realized there wasn't any use—that he was not acting, but was in dead earnest. There was nothing to do but climb higher and higher. The star might have gained a permanent place among the heavenly constellation had not help come in the form of the bear's owner. He overtook the animal and succeeded in restraining him, finally pulling him to the ground. After that, Madge Kennedy was too limp to act any more and so the day ended. Now no one wonders why she declares with an emphasis quite foreign to her that she has played her last scene with an animal.

A Hard-Working Director

IN order to accommodate the crowds which gather to watch him every time he directs a scene, Donald Crisp, the Paramount director, has been forced to install "bleachers," consisting of several benches, behind the camera in all of his sets. Crisp is a more interesting spectacle than a circus when he is at work.

One visitor said that he would rather watch Crisp work than see his pictures. This is an exaggeration, as any one familiar with the productions he directs knows on principle. But there's no more amazing spectacle on the lot than Crisp when he is in the midst of a scene.

His methods of directing are unique. Instead of telling the players what to do, he runs through the scene himself, playing all the rôles, mimicking the voices and gestures of the characters in an inimitable comedy manner. To watch him do the romping ingénue, or the sour old maid, or the bashful hero, is worth going miles.

All the actors who are at liberty around the studio can be found on Crisp's bleachers, as a consequence thereof.

"If this thing keeps up," said Crisp, "I'll have to enlarge the studio or charge admission. I don't know what they want to watch for. They may think my directing's funny, but it's no joke to me."

THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF AUTHOR ZANE GREY

IN the history of settlements along the Ohio River there figures prominently one Ebenezer Zane. In 1770 he made the first permanent settlement on the Ohio, building where Wheeling, W. Va., now stands a blockhouse called Fort Henry. Many times it was attacked by Indians. In 1800, in appreciation of Ebenezer Zane's services in building a road from Wheeling to Maysville, Ky., the Government granted to him three tracts of land. On one of these was founded the town of Zanesville, Ohio.

Zane Grey, the famous author whose virile stories of the frontier and the old and new West are sold by the millions every year, and are being reproduced in moving pictures, is a direct descendant on his mother's side of this old frontiersman. His father was a backwoodsman, hunter and farmer in his early days and later became a doctor. Zanesville is the birthplace of Zane Grey.

In his youth, the author displayed a marked preference for the outdoors. To be confined in school when he might have been fishing or hunting or swimming was in direct opposition to all his natural instincts. Of reading, however, he was fond, liking the books of Cooper and Scott the best.

His first ambition was to be a baseball player. After graduating from the Zanesville High School he went to the University of Pennsylvania and for three years he played outfield on the school baseball team. After college he became a member of the famous Orange Athletic Club of East Orange, New Jersey, and played professional ball on the Newark Eastern League team, Findlay Tri-State League, and the Jackson Michigan League. It was only due to the persuasion of his parents that he didn't go into major league baseball.

At the time he wrote his first novel, in 1904, he had been practising dentistry in New York for several years. He then gave up this profession to follow a literary career. "Betty Zane" was his first book and this story is based on Zane family history. The Betty Zane of the story is the beautiful young sister of Colonel Zane and the fort figuring in the story is that built by the Zanes at Wheeling. During the fifteen years that he has been writing, Zane Grey has written stories of the woods and plains, the desert and mountains and of baseball.

Zane Grey.

With the freedom his literary work permits he spends much of his time exploring the wonders of nature. In Mexico in the jungle of Terra Caliente he took a wild trip down an unknown river where he shot deer, wild boar, jaguar, crocodile and alligator. With an Indian fisherman he took a sea trip off the coast of Yucatan to a wild and dangerous coral reef and caught giant fish. He has hunted and fished in Ohio, Michigan, Mexico, Yucatan, West Indies, Canada, New Mexico, Pennsylvania, Arizona, California and Lower California. He has fished for the big black sea-bass and tuna at Catalina Island and off Coronada in the Pacific. Down many rivers he has paddled a canoe..

With the old plainsman, Buffalo Jones, he has made several trips into the Grand Canyon country, and the account of his adventurous journey he relates in "The Last of the Plainsmen." Inspiration for "The Heritage of the Desert" and other stories of the Painted Desert came from following the old trail of the Navajos through the Painted Desert.

Out in Los Angeles, in a rose-covered house, Zane Grey makes his home, and divides his time between writing, fishing at Catalina and taking an active part in the filming of his novels. Many of his popular stories have been picturized but, until Benjamin B. Hampton and Eltinge F. Warner organized the Zane Grey Pictures, Inc., the author himself had never played any part in their production.

"Desert Gold," the first production of the Zane Grey company, had not only the benefit of the personal supervision of the author, but the picture, when completed, so delighted him that he stamped it with the seal of his personal approval.

THE SHORT PHOTOPLAY

By A Scenario Editor

ONCE upon a time the short photoplay, or one-reel picture, was supreme. It made the business possible; it also made millionaires. To-day it is only a "filler-in" on the program. Nevertheless, the day is not far distant when it will come back—be revived by some far-seeing moving picture man, who will clean up a fortune—then the "sheep" will break their necks and legs hurdling to get next.

It is possible to repeat the history of the one-reel, and even the split reel, to-day, and easier, for the public is "picture educated" now; that work won't have to be done over. It might include "two-reel features" possibly.

In the old one-reel days it was uphill work, for the reason that the business was new and, like all pioneer industries, had to clear the ground and build at the same time. The ground has been plowed once and now lies fallow for the second crop.

That one-reel photoplay, however crude it may have been in the beginning—or compared to the masterpieces of to-day—laid the foundation of the fifth greatest business in the world; it laid the foundation of not a few film magnates' fortunes.

Some of those magnates are with us still, abreast of the times, right up with the band-wagon of moving picture progress; others retired on their money; some in the discard; some have crossed the Great Divide.

It will make interesting reading when some historian, possibly in the next generation, writes the romance of the movies. How the big fellows began; how and where they finished. But, just the same, they were hardy pioneers who gave to the world one of its greatest blessings.

As in the gold countries of the West, many abandoned mines are being worked profitably by "little fellows," Chinamen and others; so with the comparatively abandoned short photoplay field; it is a second-rate industry if you like, but waiting for some one to see the opportunity and pioneer the way—to big money.

To say that the public does not care for the one-reel play is all "poppycock." Let some enterprising man or company open up some of the abandoned "Nickelodeans," or buy some run-down small show houses, start a chain of "five or ten-cent shows," with two or three one-reel plays, a comedy, a scenic, "news," and, possibly, a cartoon picture, and it will be a paying proposition from the start—if the right men handle it.

It will come. Some one will see the "light" and put it over. Even now there is a drift towards it, as indicated by those already in the field of picture-making, who are preparing to enlarge the output of one- and two-reel pictures. Others are starting to make them exclusively. There would not, and will not, be any shortage of pictures for a chain of small theaters, for the big houses are not getting all the picture-loving public—many poor people stay away on account of the price of admission, and the "classy" long pictures do not appeal to them.

The Strand Theater, of New York, is running this week what is claimed to be the first Western picture of two reels ever shown at the larger Broadway houses. Manager Plunkett, when he signed for the picture—one of the "Cyclone Smith" series—said that he was certain that his patrons would enjoy the change in the usual program and that he booked the picture because of its merit and the fact that it would vary the program.

Another "straw" showing how the short photoplay is liked by the public is the announcement that Tom North is to handle the short photoplays for Fox. Mr. North is one of the best-known men in the film business. He opened the V. L. S. E. offices on the Coast and successfully placed and handled "Quo Vadis?" and "The Last Days of Pompeii" in the West.

Another "straw" in the current news shows how the tide is setting toward the shorter picture—Margaret Marsh has severed her connection with the Oliver Films, Inc., where she was co-star in the Craig Kennedy serial with Herbert Rawlinson, and has formed a company of her own to put on two-reel photoplays, as she believes that there is a wide market at the present time for the shorter picture.

The Clark Photoplay Company, of Chicago, has been formed to produce three high-class features a year and a two-reel comedy every second week. This is an opportunity for comedy writers, for those who are successful with the shorter plots.

The Canyon Pictures Corporation has been formed to put out short Westerns, with Franklin Farnum as the star. They have taken over the Selig studios at Los Angeles and will release a picture every two weeks.

These two-reelers will be short features, produced in the same elaborate manner as far as settings, casts and other details are concerned as required for productions of greater length. They will be filled with punch and action and the two-reel length will enable them to eliminate any unnecessary footage and to stick closely to the pertinent points of the story.

In the news of the day may be noted the trend toward an increased output of short photoplays, showing that producers are at last awaking to the crying need for short pictures to fill out programs.

The next step in the return of the shorter picture will be houses devoted exclusively, as outlined in the first part of this article; the one thing necessary for that is the assurance of a sufficient number, every week, to provide an unbroken series, and that will be forthcoming.

This does not mean that the longer feature pictures are to be displaced, but that those who desire to see the shorter photoplay—even as some people prefer vaudeville to the longer dramatic plays—will be able to have their desires gratified; there will be show houses devoted to the shorter pictures, making a delightful entertainment, contributing variety in the one- and two-reel dramatic subjects, which will be equal in quality to the best features, to a comedy, news, cartoon and perhaps an industrial.

The return of the shorter photoplay will gladden the hearts of those writers who have been unable to cope with the longer plot, but who are well able to handle the shorter; who have been side-tracked in favor of the writers of books and plays.

It will be a good thing for the industry as a whole, for it will bring into the field of writers those who have ability and who only need proper encouragement to succeed and advance to the writing of the longer stories.

KEEPING TABS ON THE PICTURE PLAYERS

Ruth Chatterton, prominent stage actress, will be starred by the Universal; Douglas Gerrard will direct her.

Jesse D. Hampton has engaged Wallace Worsley to direct Blanche Sweet in the first picture under her new contract.

Earle Williams, sued by Roma Raymond for breach of promise, must pay the lady $50,000, according to the decision of a Los Angeles judge.

Spike Robinson, prize-fighter and film actor, has married Harold Lockwood's widow and is stepfather to a husky nine-year-old boy.

Mildred Davis has settled down to her work, playing opposite to Harold Lloyd in the Rolin comedies as though she has always been with the company.

It will cost Clara Kimball Young $25,000 extra for every picture she releases. The New York courts have decreed that this sum shall go to Louis Selznick, who held a contract with her.

Spottiswoode Aiken, the veteran character actor, has been engaged by Universal to play the title rôle in "Auld Jeremiah," the Henry C. Rowland story in which Mary MacLaren is the star.

Claire DuBrey is back in Los Angeles, but will not work for a little time. She is still somewhat weak from her recent illness and intends to "infest one of the beaches," as she puts it.

William D. Taylor, the Paramount-Artcraft director, has had a hand in the making of several stars, and when his big production of "Huckleberry Finn" is seen on the screen, a fifteen-year-old boy who is taking the part of the beloved "Huck" will have "arrived."

Bessie Barriscale has finished her production of "The Woman Michael Married," an adaptation from the story by Du Vernet Rabell. Jack Holt is her leading man and Howard Hickman her director.

Fred Stone, Frank Borzage and the whole company have returned from Lake Louise in Canada and will finish "Billy Jim" in Los Angeles. They had a great trip and will give the screen some entirely new scenery.

It is now decided that Kathleen Kirkham will play in support of Lew Cody in his first starring venture. Miss Kirkham is one of a splendid cast and she took the part in preference to several others offered her.

Jane and Katherine Lee, universally recognized as the youngest stars in motion pictures, are now working on their first picture for the Rogers Film Corporation of Fort Lee, N. J. Lou Rogers, president of the Rogers Film Corporation, intends to present the children in comedy playlets by leading authors.

For his production of "Victory," Maurice Tourneur spent nearly a week touring in his automobile to discover new and suitable spots for his story, and the motion picture audiences will see some picturesque backgrounds in this great story, which is adapted from the well-known book by Joseph Conrad.

A number of well-known screen personages are at the Goldwyn studios, appearing in the current productions. Among them are Rosemary Theby and Helene Chadwick, both of whom are playing with Tom Moore in "Heartsease," under the direction of Harry Beaumont. Percy Standing, son of the famous veteran, Herbert Standing, is Pauline Frederick's leading man, with Reginald Barker directing. Betty Schade, Sydney Ainsworth, Herbert Pryor and Leslie Stuart, son of the composer of "Floradora," are others of distinction.

John Gilbert has been recognized by the actors' colony as a juvenile actor of first rank, but his acting as the youthful hunchback in Maurice Tourneur's "White Heather" has clearly proven his ability as a delineator of character studies. Gilbert is now supporting Mary Pickford.

Mary Miles Minter is to get a real opportunity, for she is now under the sympathetic rule of Adolph Zukor and Arthur S. Kane. She is to receive a very large salary and a peculiar part of the contract is that she is not to be seen in public with stage or screen folk, and must not receive interviewers.

Val Paul, who will be remembered as "the heavy" in many of the old Universal features starring the late Myrtle Gonzales, has rejoined the "Big U" forces in the rôle of assistant director to Lynn Reynolds. He is now aiding Reynolds in the production of "The Brute Breaker," starring Frank Mayo and Kathryn Adams.

"The Fall of Babylon," an expansion and amplification of the brilliant Babylonian feature in D. W. Griffith's production of "Intolerance," is the second offering in the Griffith repertory season at the Geo. M. Cohan Theater New York. "Broken Blossoms" was withdrawn after concluding an uninterrupted run of one hundred and thirty-eight performances.

A. H. Fischer Features, Inc., is the corporate title of a new firm formed in New York by A. H. Fischer, B. A. Rolfe and Charles A. Logue, to produce a series of special features. Mr. Fischer and Mr. Rolfe were associated in the Houdini serial, "The Master Mystery." For the new series a contract has been signed whereby the corporation obtains a number of stories written by the most widely read novelist of the day. These will be put on at the Thanhouser Studios in New Rochelle, N. Y., acquired by outright purchase a few days ago by Mr. Fischer.

THE ACTRESS ON THE COVER.

DOROTHY DALTON is a Chicago girl of great determination. She made up her mind early in life that she was to become a successful actress. Like many another girl who so makes up her mind, she was unable to make up her parents' minds in the same way. Following her graduation from Sacred Heart Academy, her father wished her to study law. She was able to argue well enough to persuade him to let her try a course in dramatic school, and so her stage experience began.

Upon her graduation she began her stage career in support of Virginia Harned in stock and later ingénue rôles with Hart Conway and Wright Huntington. Finally she spent two seasons in vaudeville with an act of her own.

It was then that she joined the forces of Thomas H. Ince, her first appearance being in "The Disciple." Then followed "The Jungle Child," in which her performance won warm praise from the critics. It was this second effort of hers that settled her fate and gave her the contract that she had crossed the continent to get. Her versatility and personal charm have now rewarded her with a place among the leading stars of pictures.

Dorothy Dalton is five feet three inches tall and a brunette. Outdoor sports appeal strongly to her. While specializing in motoring and horseback riding, she is also an expert swimmer, and can wield a canoe paddle with the best of them. She is fond of the advantages of home life found in moving pictures more readily than on the stage, and it was this that led her to the picture field. She spends a great deal of her time in the library of her Los Angeles home, which is noted among the players for the original social functions given by its mistress.

Miss Dalton's work at dramatic school, stock experience and tutelage under Ince have made her remarkably versatile. While she specializes in heavy emotional parts she can do light comedy equally well, and her beauty of face and perfect health of physique have added to the laurels brought by her fine dramatic ability.

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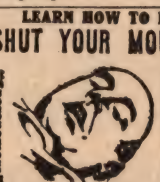

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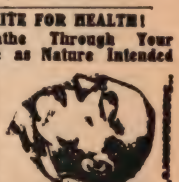

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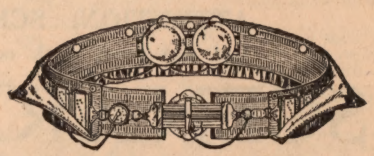

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